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[Abbott, Jacob]

MARCO PAUL'S

ADVENTURES

IN

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

CITY OF BOSTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ROLLO, JONAS, AND LUCY BOOKS.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.
1845.

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PREFACE.

The design of the series of volumes, which it is intended to issue under the general title of Marco Paul's Adventures in the Pursuit of Knowledge, is not merely to entertain the reader with a narrative of juvenile adventures, but also to communicate, in connexion with them, as extensive and varied information as possible, in respect to the geography, the scenery, the customs and the institutions of this country, as they present themselves to the observation of the little traveller, who makes his excursions under the guidance of an intelligent and well-informed companion, qualified to assist him in the acquisition of knowledge and in the formation of character. The author will endeavor to enliven his narrative, and to infuse into it elements of a salutary moral influence, by means of personal incidents befalling the actors in the story. These incidents are, of course, imaginary—but the reader may rely upon the strict and exact truth and fidelity of all the descriptions of places, institutions and scenes, which are brought before his mind in the progress of the narrative. Thus, though the author hopes that the readers, who may honor these volumes with their perusal, will be amused and interested by them, his design throughout will be to ins ruct rather than to entertain.

MARCO PAUL IN BOSTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE STONINGTON ROUTE.

While Marco Paul was under his cousin Forester's care, he occasionally went with him to New York, to visit his parents and friends, who resided there.

On one occasion, after making such a visit, they concluded to go by the way of Boston on their return, in order that Forester might show to Marco, what there might be that was interesting to a boy of his age, in that city. In going from Boston to New York, they concluded to take the Stonington route.

There are two great routes for travellers between the cities of Boston and New York. One is called the Norwich route, and the other the Stonington route. By looking upon any map, which contains Boston and New York, and the intermediate country, the reader will be able to

trace these routes, and see the reason for the names which they bear.

Norwich and Stonington are towns in Connecticut, and both are situated between Boston and New York. Norwich is on the river Thames, at some distance from its mouth. Stonington is on the coast of Connecticut, a little beyond the mouth of the Thames, towards Rhode Island. Now there is a railroad from Stonington to Providence, and another from Providence to Boston. And there is also a railroad from Norwich to Worcester, and from Worcester to Boston. There is also a steamboat, almost every evening, to leave New York and sail along the sound, to go to Norwich, and also another to go to Stonington. So that travellers may take the boat at New York and go to Norwich, and there take the cars and go to Worcester, and thence to Boston; or they may take the boat to Stonington, and thence go by the cars to Providence, and from Providence to Boston. They have large and excellent boats, and good cars, and powerful locomotives, on both these routes. Some travellers prefer one of these routes, and some the other.

It happened that Forester was not under the necessity of choosing which of these routes it would be better for him and Marco to take; for on the evening on which they had concluded to go there was no boat for Norwich. The Stonington route was therefore the only one which remained to them.

Marco and Forester came down to the boat, according to Forester's custom, about half an hour before it was time for the boat to leave. They found a special advantage in being at the boat at an early hour on this occasion, as will appear in the sequel. When the cab in which they came, stopped upon the pier, opposite the great plank which led over from the pier to the deck of the boat, one of the men that were there enquired of Forester,

"Where is your baggage going, sir?"

"To Boston," said Forester.

"Then it must go forward. Drive along forward," he continued, addressing the cabman.

So the cabman drove along towards the outer end of the pier, where there was another plank, which led over to the deck of the boat upon the

forward part of it. There were men coming and going over this plank, carrying baggage to put into the baggage crates.

A baggage crate is a sort of car to carry trunks and baggage in. It is in fact a little room mounted on wheels. It is made very strong and handsomely painted. There are no windows in it, —as baggage does not require the light,—but there is a door in the side, to put the trunks and carpet-bags in at, and a lock and key, in order that they may all be locked up securely. There were four or five of these baggage crates upon the deck of the steamboat, forward, and they were nearly all filled when Forester arrived.

There was a man standing by the baggage crates, to receive the trunks and valises and carpet-bags of the passengers, as they arrived. He had a number of baggage tickets in his hand. These tickets were of copper, and had numbers stamped upon them. There was a little oblong hole in one end of the ticket, for a small leather strap to pass through; and each pair of tickets was passed upon such a strap, and fastened there by a kind of noose.

When the porters of the boat brought in Forester's and Marco's baggage, the man who had the tickets, and who was the baggage master, took a pair of his tickets, and slipped one of them off from the string, and gave it to Forester. Then he fastened the other, by means of the strap and noose, to the handle of Forester's trunk. So then

there was one ticket fastened to the trunk, and another, with the same number upon it, in Forester's pocket. The number was two hundred and sixty-three. The object of this plan was, that when Forester should get to Boston, where the baggage crates were to be opened, he could carry his ticket to the baggage master there, and get his trunk again. His having the ticket numbered two hundred and sixty-three, would prove that it was his trunk; for the same number was upon the ticket which was fastened to the trunk. And nobody else could get his trunk at Boston, for the baggage master there would see two hundred and sixty-three upon it, and he would not deliver it to anybody who could not produce the mate to the ticket which was strapped to the handle.

In the same manner the baggage master marked Marco's trunk, and Forester's carpet-bag; and Forester took the three tickets. The trunks and the carpet-bag were then put into one of the crates, with a great many other trunks. The crate was, in fact, almost full. Forester and Marco then walked along a passage-way, with the engine room on one side and a range of offices on the other side, until they came to the after part of the deck, where were situated the captain's office, the entrances to the cabins, and the staircases leading up to the saloon and to the promenade deck above.

Although it was still early, they found a great number of persons rambling about the decks, and

passages, and cabins. There were passengers, and the friends of passengers, and porters bringing baggage, and boys with newspapers to sell, and orange women, and cabmen waiting to be paid, and girls with apples and nuts to sell,—all coming and going in great confusion. Forester and Marco found some chairs and took their seats on the promenade deck, at the side of the saloon, where they could be seated in some degree of quiet themselves, and look down upon the scene of noise and confusion upon the pier and upon the deck below them.

While here, two boys came along with newspapers to sell, each calling out in a loud voice, as he walked about, the name of the papers which he had. When they came to where Forester and Marco were sitting, Forester began to look at the papers which one of the boys had, and concluded to buy one. The price of the paper was four cents. So Forester took out what in New York is called a sixpence, and gave him, and the boy gave him back two cents in change.

When Marco saw the two cents handed to Forester, he smiled. The reason was, that Forester had adopted the plan of considering all the cents which he received in 'change, when he and Marco were travelling together, as Marco's perquisite. So that whenever any one handed him cents, he passed them over to Marco, and Marco kept them for his pocket money; only he could not expend any of the money which he thus ac-

quired, without Forester's approval. So when Marco saw, in this case, the two cents given back by the newspaper boy, he considered them as his.

But though Marco looked pleased, the other newspaper boy,—that is, the one of whom Forester had not bought anything,—looked disappointed. Forester perceived it, and he thought that he would let him have those two cents; and so he asked him if he had any penny papers. The boy took out two, which he said were a cent a-piece, and Forester took the papers, and passed the cents into his hands. Then the newspaper boy looked pleased, and Marco's countenance assumed a slight expression of disappointment. He, however, said nothing,—the boys went away, and Forester opened one of his papers himself, and gave the others to Marco.

After a few minutes, Forester stopped reading, and said,

"Marco, I made a mistake."

"What mistake?" said Marco.

"Why, I bought those two last newspapers with your money."

"With mine?" said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester; "all the cents were to be your perquisite. Now, when I gave the first boy the sixpence, he gave me back two pence in 'change, and of course the moment the two pence came into my hands, the title to them was vested in you."

Cents are called either pence or cents, indifferently, in New York.

"Of course," continued Forester, "I bought the second boy's papers with your money. If I had bought the whole sixpence worth of papers of the first boy, so that I had received nothing in 'change, then you would have had no claim. But as it was, since I received two pence from one party, and paid it out to another, I alienated some of your money."

"Alienated," repeated Marco, "what does that mean?"

"Conveyed away," said Forester. "So I owe you two pence."

"Yes," said Marco, "but how will you ever pay me? Because, whenever you get two pence they will be mine, and you can't pay me with my money."

"No," said Forester, "but when you have a ten-cent-piece sometime, I can give you a shilling for it."

"That will be too much," said Marco, "for a shilling piece is worth twelve pence and a half."

"Yes," said Forester, "but I shall not mind the half penny."

Marco was glad that he was to have two and a half pence to add to his stock of cash, because he had been trying to save enough to buy a flageolet, which Forester told him it would be a good plan for him to buy, and learn to play upon. He added a quarter of a dollar more to his fund that evening, in a somewhat singular manner. It was as follows.

The boat that night was very much crowded. It happened that for some reason or other, there were more travellers going to Boston at that time than usual; and as there was no Norwich boat, they all came on board the Stonington boat. After they had sailed away from New York, and had gone through the East river, and five or six miles along the sound, the bell rang for supper. Forester and Marco were at the time on the forecastle, looking out ahead, and it took them some little time to traverse the whole length of the boat to the doors of the gentlemen's cabin. When they got there, they found a great crowd of gentlemen pouring down the stairs, and Forester told Marco that he was not sure that they should find room at the table. As soon as they reached the cabin, they were astonished to see that the long tables, which extended up and down the whole length of the cabins, were all apparently full.

"We are too late," said Forester.

"Come along this way, gentlemen," said a waiter.

So Forester and Marco, and several others with them, crowded their way along behind the waiter, till they came to a place where there were two or three seats vacant. They all tried to sit down as soon as possible, and as there were not seats enough for all, and Marco and Forester were very properly less eager than the rest, all the others got seats, and there was only one left for Marco and Forester.

Forester put his hand upon the back of the chair and said, "Here, Marco, take this seat."

"No," said Marco, "*you* must take that yourself."

There were several other persons who had come with them to the place, and they, finding that all these seats were taken, began to look up and down the long line of tables before them, to see if there were any other chairs unoccupied. Just then a waiter came hurrying by, and said,

"Wait a short time, gentlemen, and we shall set another table, and then there will be plenty of room."

Hearing this, the men went away, and Marco insisted that Forester should take the vacant seat, and he did so.

Marco said that he would come to the second table. So Forester sat down to his supper.

Just as Marco was going away, Forester called him back and gave him a warm roll and a drink of milk. Marco drank his milk, and walked away to find a place on the promenade deck, where he might sit down and eat his roll. After about ten minutes he came back, and asked Forester what would be the price of his supper, if he should come to the second table and eat one.

"Half price, I suppose," said Forester, "that is, a quarter of a dollar."

"Then, suppose I go without any more supper," said Marco, "will you give me the quarter of a dollar to help buy my flageolet?"

"Yes," said Forester.

"Well," said Marco, "I have had supper enough."

Just then, the man came along down by the side of the table, saying,

"I'll take your tickets for supper, gentlemen, if you please."

So the passengers who were seated near where Marco stood, took out their tickets, or if they had not bought any tickets, they took out their money. Forester took out a half a dollar, and a quarter of a dollar. The half dollar he gave to the man, and the quarter to Marco, and Marco went away.

That night there was still more difficulty in finding beds for the hundreds of passengers who filled the boat, than there had been in making room for them at the table. Although there was a double row of berths, one tier above the other, on both sides of the cabin, through its whole length, there was not room enough in them for all the passengers. They were obliged to make up what they called cots. These cots are made up just before bed time, in ranges of frames, extending up and down the cabin. These ranges have little beds in them, in three tiers, one above another. The upper cot is very high, being very near the ceiling; the lower is almost close to the floor; and the middle one comes between the two.

About nine o'clock, Forester proposed to Marco, that they should go down into the cabin, to see if they were making up the cots.

"Why," said Marco, "have you got a cot?"

"Yes," replied Forester; "cot number one hundred and thirty-five." And so saying, he took out from his pocket a pasteboard card, on which was printed the word COT; and under it was written in pencil, the number one hundred and thirty-five.

"Then there must be a great many cots," said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "the boat is very full."

They found, when they got into the cabin, that there were indeed a great many cots. The ranges of them extended the whole length of the cabin, which was very long. The whole of the cabin was occupied with them, excepting three passage ways—one in the centre, between the two ranges of cots, and the other outside of them, between them and the berths in the sides of the cabin. There were numbers upon the cots, and several gentleman were walking up and down the passages, looking for their respective numbers. There were also several colored men, bringing sheets, pillow-cases, and spreads, to prepare the cots for their occupants.

"Now let us find number one hundred and thirty-five," said Forester. So he and Marco walked along, examining the numbers. Presently they found one hundred and thirty-five. It was in the after part of the boat, the last cot in the range, and in the lowest tier. It was in a light

and cheerful place, for as this was at the end of the cabin, there were one or two tables placed there, beyond the ranges of the cots, and some gentlemen were seated at the tables, reading by the light of several tall candles.

"Now where is my cot?" said Marco.

"Why, the captain said you might take the cot right by the side of mine," replied Forester; "and now there is no cot by the side of mine. What shall we do?"

It is true there was a cot in the other range, across the passage-way which had been left up and down the centre of the cabin; but Forester doubted whether that could be the one which the captain meant.

"I guess he meant for me to make myself a cot, by the side of you, right on the floor," said Marco. "That's the way that boys sleep in steamboats sometimes."

"How do you know?" said Forester.

"Why, I read about a boy once, in a book, who slept by the side of his father's berth, on a settee, with a carpet-bag for a pillow."

"Very well," said Forester, "you might do so, only my carpet-bag is locked up in the baggage car. You can have my cloak."

Marco was very much pleased with the idea of sleeping upon the floor by the side of his cousin. So he spread the cloak down, rolling up one end of it a little for a pillow. Then, without taking off his clothes, he lay down. Forester did the same

in his cot, after taking off only his coat and shoes. His coat he folded up and placed under his pillow, enclosing it first in a silk handkerchief which he had provided for the purpose.

In a short time Forester and Marco were both almost asleep, being lulled by the sounds around them;—the murmuring of the water, the hum of voices in the cabin, and the regular beats and tremors of the engine and machinery. They were, however, presently both aroused for a moment, by hearing one of the colored waiters call out to another, to come and see how Marco had camped down upon the floor. Marco was much amused at this, but he was soon drowsy again, and he knew nothing more until he and Forester were both awakened by the stopping of the engine.

As they gradually recovered their faculties, they felt that they had been asleep for several hours. They looked around and found that the cabin was nearly dark, though they could see the glimmering of a light away down at the farther end of it, between the ranges of cots.

"Cousin Forester?" said Marco.

"What?" answered Forester.

"Where are we now?" asked Marco.

"I don't know," said Forester.

"What have we stopped for?" asked Marco.

"I don't know," replied Forester. "Perhaps we have got into the fog."

"Perhaps we have got to Stonington," said Marco.

"No," replied Forester; "I think they would give us notice of getting to Stonington."

Marco lay still a few minutes, and then he wanted to get up, and go and see.

"Very well," said Forester.

While Marco was putting on his shoes, a man came down into the cabin, and as he was walking along between the cots, Marco heard him say that they were within about a mile of Stonington.

"Cousin Forester," said Marco, eagerly, "come, we must get up. He says we are within a mile of Stonington."

"Does he?" said Forester, very quietly, without moving.

"Yes," said Marco, "and if we don't make haste, we shall not be in time for the cars."

"I think he is mistaken," said Forester.

"Why," asked Marco, "how can you tell how far off we are without going up to see?"

"Why, I think," said Forester, "it is more likely that he is mistaken, than that the captain would let us get so near to Stonington, without calling us up."

"How do you know they call us up at all?"

"I don't know," said Forester, "excepting that, from the very nature of the case, I think it must be so. Here are several hundred passengers nearly all asleep. Now it is absurd to suppose that they will let the boat go into Stonington, without giving any notice, and so only carry those to Boston that happen to wake up accidentally."

"Well," said Marco, "at any rate I'm going up to see."

"Very well," said Forester, "and I 'm going to sleep again."

"But suppose I find that we really are at Stonington, and the cars are going right off."

"Then you may go in them," said Forester, "and stay in Boston, at the Tremont House, till I come."

Marco was very much delighted at the idea of going on to Boston alone. He hastened on deck, expecting to see the buildings and the shipping of Stonington as soon as he came up the stairs and got to a position where he could look off upon the water.

He found, however, on looking off at the opening between the ladies' cabin and the captain's office on the main deck, that there was nothing but water to be seen, covered with a haze. It was so dark, besides, that he could see only to a very short distance. On the other side of the boat, the view was the same, only there was a light, like a faint star, shining dimly through the fog, very near the horizon.

"Oh," said Marco to himself, "that must be a light-house. That proves that we are not very far from the shore."

Marco leaned over the bulwarks so as to see as far forward as he could along the side of the wheel-house, to see if Stonington was not before them. He could, however, see nothing. Then he

concluded to go forward to the forecastle, where he could see ahead more distinctly. He accordingly walked along the main deck, between the engine rooms, and the ranges of offices towards the fore part of the boat, and soon came to the great iron shaft which carried the paddle wheels. It passed across the passage-way just over his head, and was turning round and round very slowly. This passage was nearly dark, except at one place where a broad glow of light from the fire-room shone out upon it. As he passed, he look-

ed in and saw the fireman shovelling coal into the glowing furnace under the boiler. A little farther on Marco saw, in a corner, a group of women and children asleep upon the floor. They were covered with coats and cloaks, and had

bundles for pillows. They were poor people, that could not afford to pay for berths or cots in the cabin. Just beyond them there was a partition passing directly across the deck, with doors in it. The doors were shut, to keep the cool night wind from the deck. Marco opened one of the doors and walked out upon the forecastle.

The forecastle of a steamboat is that part of the deck which is at the extreme forward part of the boat, at the bows. It is open to the air above, though it has a strong bulwark all around it. Marco found the forecastle rather a cold and gloomy-looking place. There was no light, except what was afforded by a starless sky. Two or three men were standing in different parts, leaning over the bulwarks, and keeping a lookout ahead. In the forward part were several horses, standing upon gangway planks, that is, broad planks made for people to walk upon, across from the steamboat to the wharf. These gangway planks had been laid down for the horses to stand upon, in order that their sharp iron shoes might not indent and wear the deck. There were two or three baggage cars there, too, ready for the railroad; and another great box on iron wheels, with a handle like the handle of a child's wagon. Marco had often seen such a box on the forecastle of steamboats, but he did not know what it was for.

Marco climbed up upon this box, in order to look out over the water ahead, to see if Stoning-

son was in sight. When he got up, he found that he could see very well over the horses, but there was nothing like land in view. For a short distance before the boat, he could see the water, and beyond it a dark and hazy horizon bounded the view. Marco gave up the idea of going off very soon to Boston, and leaving Forester behind.

Just then, he happened to feel in his pocket, and he found, to his surprise and alarm, that his quarter of a dollar was gone. The rest of his money was safe in his trunk, but this quarter of a dollar had been given him since he came on board the boat, and he had put it in his pocket the evening before. Now it was gone.

He went down into the cabin again, trying to think where it was that he had last seen his quarter of a dollar. He recollected feeling it in his pocket just before he went to bed. He thought that it must have dropped out of his pocket during the night. He walked along therefore towards the place where he had slept, intending to look for it on the floor there. He walked softly, and began to feel around in the dark, without making any noise. He did this partly because he did not wish to disturb Forester, and partly, because he did not wish to have him know that he had lost his quarter of a dollar.

However, Forester was not asleep, and he perceived that Marco had come back, though it was so dark that he could not see him distinctly.

"Well, Marco," said he, "have we got to Stonington?"

"No," said Marco, "not yet."

"What 's the matter," continued Forester, after a moment's pause; "have you lost anything?"

"Yes," continued Marco; "I cannot find my quarter of a dollar."

"It has got out of your pocket in the night, I suppose," said Forester. "Things are very apt to work out of our pockets when we are lying down. Can't you find it?"

"No," said Marco. "I have felt around all over the cloak, but it is not here."

"Go to the other end of the cabin and get a light," said Forester, "and I will get up, and then we will look thoroughly."

So Marco walked away between the long ranges of cots, all filled with sleepers, to the farther end of the cabin where he had seen the distant glimmering of a light. As he approached it, he found it was a candle burning upon a table. The berths and cots all around were filled with persons asleep, and there was a colored man reclining upon a settee, near the table where the lamp was burning. He looked tired and sleepy, as if he was almost worn out with watching.

"May I take this lamp?" said Marco.

"Light the other one," said the colored man.

Marco saw that there was another lamp upon the table, which he took up and lighted, according to the colored man's direction.

"Have we got pretty near to Stonington?" said Marco to the man.

"No," said he, "not yet."

"How shall we know when we get there?"

"I shall ring a bell," said he, "half an hour before we land, so as to wake the passengers all up."

At hearing this, Marco was obliged to give up all hope of going off to Boston without his cousin; and he took the lamp and walked back through the cabin, shading the lamp with his hand to protect it from the current of air. It shed a faint light upon his face, and upon the various berths and cots as he passed them, but it was not sufficient to dispel the general darkness which reigned throughout the cabin. As he passed along, one man raised his head from his cot, and said,

"Whereabouts are we now, my boy, do you know?"

"We 're in the cabin, sir," said Marco.

"No, no," said the man, "I mean, how near are we to Stonington?"

Marco did not answer this question, but walked straight along, leaving the man at a loss whether his first reply was in joke, or whether he did not know any better.

When Marco had reached the place where he had slept upon the floor, he began to grope about after his money. The candle gave so dim a light that he had to search by feeling as well as by sight. At length Forester took up the cloak on which Marco had been lying, and shook it, and to Marco's great joy he heard the money drop upon the

carpet, and a moment afterwards he got a glimpse of its edge, reflecting the light of the candle, as the coin was rolling away under the cots. Marco seized it and then he took the candle and carried it back to its place.

A short time after this, the steamboat stopped at the wharf at Stonington. The passengers all got out and pressed forward in confusion into the cars, which were all ready for them upon the wharf. The railroad extended down to the wharf, in order that it might be convenient to go directly from the steamboat to the cars. The men on board the boat dragged out the baggage cars from the forward part of the boat, and put them upon the track next to the engine; and when all was ready, the train started off.

It was yet night, and little was to be seen from the windows of the car where Marco and Forester were sitting. Before long, in fact, they were both fast asleep, and they did not wake again until they reached Providence.

At Providence, there is a wide river,—so wide and deep, that it would have been very inconvenient and expensive to have made a viaduct to carry the railroad over it. So they cross the river by a ferry. The baggage cars are trundled down from the wharf into the boat; but the passenger cars remain behind. The passengers get out of the cars and walk to the boat, and then, after they have crossed the ferry, they get into other cars on the Boston and Providence road.

"Now we shall get some breakfast," said Forester.

"Breakfast?" repeated Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "we can have breakfast on board the ferry boat, if we choose."

Marco was very much surprised to hear of breakfast on board a ferry boat; but as soon as he got on board the boat, he entered a large room on the deck of it, in which was a long table set for breakfast. Those of the passengers who wished for breakfast, sat down to this table. Others took seats in other places, or walked about the boat. It was some time before the boat was ready to move, and then it took some time longer to go across the water. At length, however, the passage was made, and when they reached the landing, in Providence, the passengers all got into the cars, by which they were conveyed rapidly to Boston, without any other adventure, except that, as Marco said, they run over a town.

This was literally true. The town was Canton. The railroad passed over it, on an embankment high above the roofs of the houses. Thus, as they were passing by, Marco looked down upon streets, houses, cotton mills, roofs and chimneys, far below him. So that it was strictly true, as Marco said, that in going from Providence to Boston, they ran over a town.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARRIVAL.

There is in Roxbury, not very far from the Boston line, a noted crossing where the Tremont road, Washington street, and the Providence railroad, all pass together through the same vicinity. It is a place where there is a great deal of travelling. Heavy teams, chaises, gay carriages, fast trotting horses and omnibuses going to Jamaica plain or Brookline, are continually passing and repassing over the Tremont road and Washington street; and long trains of cars, sometimes carrying freight, and sometimes passengers, whistle and thunder along on the railroad, almost every hour. There is a great sign at this place, marked, "Railroad Crossing, look out for the engine while the bell rings." This is to give notice to travellers that they must stop till the train gets by, when the bell warns them that it is coming. Besides this, there is a man standing there with a flag, which he waves when the train is coming, to keep all persons off the track until it has safely passed by.

The country is very beautiful, before you come to this crossing, in travelling from Providence to

Boston. The cars roll along between smooth green fields, with groves and handsome country seats adorning the eminences all around. Just before coming to the crossing, the train in which Marco and Forester were travelling, passed under a bridge which was on the road that leads to Jamaica Plain. Then Forester observed on the left hand, as they advanced, a fine old mansion, with the grounds enclosed by a beautiful green hedge, ten feet high. They had no time to admire the hedge, however, for they passed it very soon, and immediately afterwards, they came to the great crossing; the bell of the locomotive ringing violently, as they rolled swiftly and heavily by.

"Now, Marco," said Forester, "look out and you will soon see something characteristic of Boston."

"What is it?" asked Marco.

"The marshes," replied Forester.

Marco looked out at the window of the car, and he saw that the train was advancing over a vast plain, very smooth and verdant, and intersected by canals of water, some straight and some meandering,—by roads, causeways, and railroads;—and there was also one long bridge of solid masonry running across it, with teams and carriages passing along upon the top of it.

"All around Boston," said Forester, "there are a great many of these salt marshes, which are as level as the sea, only they are as green as a mowing field. In fact, they *are* mowing fields."

"Do they mow the grass which grows upon them?" asked Marco.

"Yes," said Forester, "and stack it up in great stacks; and then in the winter, when the ground is frozen, they can haul it off. But nobody can live on the marshes."

"Why not?" asked Marco.

"Because, they are all overflowed by the high tides; and so the houses, if there were any, would be inundated. So that we see nothing on the marshes, but roads, bridges, viaducts and causeways."

"Why do they want bridges?" asked Marco.

"To cross the creeks," replied Forester; "for the tide, when it comes in and out, wears channels, which they call creeks; and they have to build bridges for these, and viaducts for the railroads."

At this time, Marco, who was looking out of the window over the great green plain before him, saw something which looked like a long bridge, formed of piles driven into the ground. A moment afterwards, he saw a train of cars running along upon it, going off from Boston. So he knew it was a railroad. He asked Forester what railroad it was, and Forester told him it led to Worcester, which was a large town in the interior of Massachusetts.

Marco watched this train for a mile or two, and before it was out of sight he observed that the train they were in began to slacken its pace, and

ne knew by that indication that they were draw ing towards the depot. At length the train stopped. There was a long line of carriages drawn up by the side of the depot, ready to receive the passengers, and convey them to their various places of destination in the city. They were marked with the names of the hotels to which they belonged. Besides these coaches, there were several hacks and cabs which belonged to private individuals, and were to carry passengers to any part of the city, where they might wish to go.

As soon as Forester and Marco stepped out of the car, a man with a whip in his hand, accosted Forester eagerly, saying,

"Do you wish to ride up, sir?"

"Yes," said Forester, "we wish to go to Franklin Place."

"Well, sir, I will carry you right up."

So the man walked along, and Forester and Marco followed him through the crowd, until they came to a stage coach with the words, "MARLBORO' HOTEL," painted upon the side. Forester looked at these words and then said,

"But I wanted to go to Franklin Place."

"Very well, sir, I will take you anywhere you want to go. Step right in, and hand me your tickets, and I will look out your baggage."

So Forester handed the man the little copper tickets which he had received for the trunks and carpet-bag in New York, and the man took them and went away.

Thus Forester and Marco transferred themselves very quickly from the car to the coach; and it was well that they did so, for there ensued immediately a scene of universal noise, tumult and confusion, which they could survey from their seat in the coach, in a condition of quietness and repose. The passengers poured out from the doors of the cars, in great numbers. Some were hurrying to and fro, to find persons who belonged to their party, but who had got separated from them. Some were calling out clamorously to hackmen; some were struggling at the baggage-cars, to get their baggage, as it was handed out to the crowd; and some were pressing forward through the narrow passage, left by the horses and coaches which were drawn up, to get to the carriage which they wished to go in.

There was a much larger number of passengers than usual, and this made the noise and confusion greater than it otherwise would have been.

Presently the driver of the Marlboro' coach returned, conducting a lady and a gentleman. The gentleman handed the lady into the coach, and then said, "I will come back as soon as I have found the baggage."

"O, don't go away," said the lady, "this coach will get filled up before you come back."

"But I must go to see about the trunks," said the gentleman. "I didn't get any tickets for them. But I will come back directly."

"I will keep a seat for the gentleman," said Forester, addressing the lady.

The lady thanked Forester, and seemed very much relieved. She told him that they came on board the boat only a few minutes before the time of sailing, and that they found the baggage cars full, and the tickets all gone, so that their trunks had to come upon the open deck till they got to Stonington, and then he put them into a car which they found there. There were so many more passengers than usual, that the baggage-cars at first were not sufficient for all.

Forester kept a seat for the gentleman until the coach became full, all except the reserved seat; at length the gentleman came and took the place which had been kept for him. There were others that wanted to go, but there was no room for them, and so they were not admitted. At length, however, just as they were ready to set off, an elderly lady advanced through the crowd towards the coach, accompanied by a boy, who was apparently her son. They had been detained by their baggage; and now the carriages were full, and they had not any seat. Their trunk was on the Marlboro' coach, and so the lady wanted to go in that coach; and the driver told her that if she would go back and take a seat in the sitting-room at the railroad office, he would come back for her immediately.

"No," said Forester, "you and I, Marco, will walk, and that will make room for her now."

"Well," said Marco, "only I don't know the way."

"O, I know the way," said Forester. So saying, they got out, and the lady and her boy got in and took their places. The lady, however, did not thank Forester for giving her up his seat, but took it at once, as if it were a matter of course. Forester told the driver where to leave his trunk in Franklin Place, and then the coach drove on. There were a great many other coaches all ready to start at the same time, and for several minutes the passage-way was so crowded that Forester and Marco could not get along. At length the way was somewhat opened, and they began to walk up towards the city.

"I don't think that she was much of a lady," said Marco.

"Why not?" said Forester.

"Why, she did not even thank us for giving her our seat. I don't think I shall ever trouble myself to give her a seat again. Shall you, cousin Forester?"

"Why, that depends upon circumstances," replied Forester.

"What circumstances?" said Marco.

"It depends upon what sort of benevolence we have," said Forester.

"How?" asked Marco.

"Why, it depends upon whether our object in showing a kindness is to do good, or be thanked for it. If our motive in giving up our seats was the hope of being thanked for it, we have certainly failed. But if it was to do good, we have cer-

tainly succeeded; for we relieved the lady from a very unpleasant situation. The best way is to act in all such cases for the sake of doing the good, and then we shall not be very much troubled if we don't get credit for it, so long as the good is done.

"Besides," continued Forester, "we ought not to judge the lady too severely. It was a time of anxiety and confusion, and perhaps her not thanking us, was owing to her mind's being so much occupied. She may have been grateful, though she did not express her gratitude."

At this point, the conversation was interrupted, for they now came in sight of the Common; and Marco was very much interested in observing it. Forester said that they could walk across it if Marco chose. In fact, he said it would be somewhat nearer. So they went in between some iron posts opposite a gravel walk near the burying-ground, and walked on towards the city. Marco saw that the Common was a very large green field, lying in hills and valleys; it was intersected with gravel walks, and ornamented with rows of trees, running in many directions.

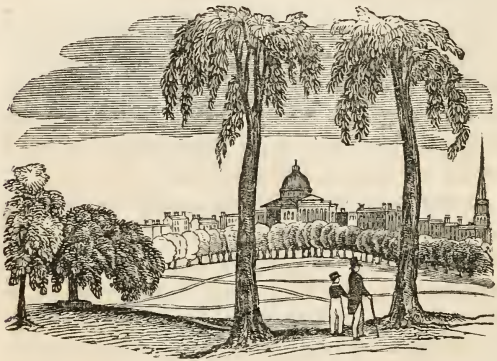
At the upper corner of the Common, they saw a very large building, which was surmounted by a dome.

"Is that the City Hall?" asked Marco.

"No," replied Forester, "that is the State House."

"The State House!" repeated Marco.

"Yes," said Forester. "A State House is a more important building than a City Hall, in one respect. For in a State House, the business of a whole state is transacted,—but in a City Hall, only the business of a city."



"I believe there is not any State House in New York," said Marco.

"No," replied Forester. "The State House for the state of New York is in Albany."

"Why don't they have it in New York?" asked Marco.

"Because New York is very far away from the centre of the state. They have the rooms shown the legislators assemble to make the laws, for it. te House; and those legislators are chothe hope o r the state; and so it is desirable to failed. Bu ate House as near the centre of the

state as possible, for the convenience of the legislators in travelling to it."

"Is Boston in the centre of Massachusetts, then?" asked Marco.

"No," replied Forester. "But it is not so entirely away from the centre, as New York is from the centre of New York state. They like to have the State House in the largest city that there is, as well as to have it near the centre."

"Why?" asked Marco.

"Because," replied Forester, "the legislators are generally men of business, who usually wish to come to the great city once or twice a year; and it is very convenient for them, since they must go away from home, to go to the great city, rather than to any smaller town. Besides, they have to spend several weeks, and sometimes several months, at the place where the State House is. They have to stay, as long as the legislature continues in session; and it is pleasanter to spend this time in a large city. So in almost all the states, if there is a large city, they have the State House in it, unless it is very much out of the centre."

"I should like to go into the State House," said Marco, "and see them make the laws."

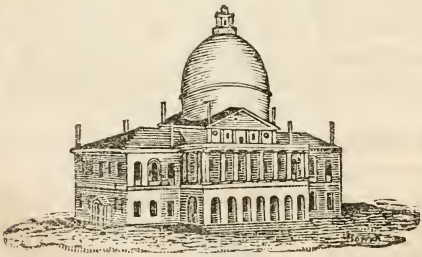
"Yes," said Forester, "though it is more probable you would like to go to the top of it, and see the prospect."

"Can we go up to the top?" asked Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "and there is a splendid prospect from the cupola."

Marco looked up, and he saw that there was a cupola upon the top of the dome of the Boston State House, which seemed to be at a vast height in the air. In fact, it was very high. The State House itself is upon very elevated land, and it is a very lofty building; and Marco perceived at once that there must be an extensive prospect from the top of it. Forester promised to go up with him the next day.

Marco and Forester walked along under the magnificent trees of the Tremont street mall, until they came to West street, when they left the Common, and went down to Franklin Place. They found that their trunks and carpet-bag had been left there several minutes before they arrived.



CHAPTER III.

THE LOCKSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

Forester had often taken lodgings at this boarding house before, and the lady who kept it was expecting him at this time; and she knew his trunk when it arrived.

Accordingly, when Forester reached the house, he found that his baggage had been taken up into the room which he had been accustomed to occupy; and the room itself was all ready for his reception. There was a small apartment opening from it, which was intended for Marco.

"Now," said Forester, as soon as they got into the room, "the first thing is to get our trunks open;" and so saying he began to feel in his pocket for his key.

"What," said he to himself, after he had searched for his key a moment in vain. "Why, what can have become of my keys?"

"Here is my key," said Marco.

Marco took his key from his pocket and began to unlock his trunk; but Forester could not find his anywhere.

"I must have lost it out of my pocket, in my berth," said he. "I usually take all the things

out of my pockets and put them in my hat, when I lie down in a berth, but I did n't do it last night. How careless I was."

"And now," said Marco "how are you going to get your trunk open? You will have to take the lock off."

"No," said Forester, "I can't get the lock off, without spoiling the trunk."

This was true; for trunk locks are put on with the express design of making it as difficult as possible to take them off. For this purpose, they are put on upon the inside of the trunk, and are fastened with nails made of soft iron, and so long that they can be driven quite through the side of the trunk, and the points bent over and buried in the wood on the outside. This is done before the leather covering is put on, and thus the leather covers and hides the ends of the nails. It is the same with the catch which is fastened to the lid of the trunk, only this is necessarily put on upon the outside; but then the leather covering, and also a sort of border of leather, intended to keep the water from running in at the seam, is nailed over it in a very strong manner. Thus it is very difficult to get either the catch or the lock off, without doing a great deal of injury to the trunk; as the coverings must be ripped off, and the nails torn out of their places in the wood by main force; for the points are usually so imbedded in it, that they will not come out without tearing away a part of the wood with them.

When Forester explained all this to Marco, Marco said that he thought they might contrive some way to put on the lock, so that it would come off more easily, when the key was lost.

"Yes," said Forester, "they might put on the lock outside, with screws,—but then anybody might take the lock off at any time, and take out the things. A lock would be no security in that case. But as it is now, when a trunk is once locked, nobody can get it open without a great deal of violence,—unless he is a locksmith, and understands how to open a lock without a key."

"Can a locksmith open a lock without a key?" asked Marco.

"Yes," said Forester, "as you will see presently. I am going to get one to open my trunk for me."

"I wish," said Marco, "you would let me go with you."

"Very well," replied Forester, "you may."

So Forester and Marco sallied forth again, and walked up towards Washington street. From Washington street, they went up School street, to Tremont street. Here Forester showed Marco a magnificent building, with a granite front, which he said was the Tremont House. There was a beautiful portico in the centre, of the kind of architecture which Forester said was called Doric. Marco thought, however, that the Tremont House was not quite as large as the Astor House, in New York. Forester also showed him an ancient

church, with stone pillars in the front, which he said was called the Stone Chapel. There was a burying-ground next to the church, enclosed by a handsome granite wall. Beyond the burying-ground, they found the locksmith's, in an old building, up stairs.

The locksmith's room was very large, and it seemed to Marco to be filled with benches, tools and old iron, with an immense number of old keys hanging in all parts of it. Forester told the locksmith that he was a traveller, and that he had lost the key of his trunk, and he asked him if he could send a man to open it for him. The locksmith said he could; and he accordingly asked one of his workmen to get ready to go. Forester gave him the direction to the house in Franklin Place, and then he and Marco returned.

The workman whom the locksmith was going to send, was a young man, but Forester did not know whether he was an apprentice or a journeyman. An apprentice is a boy who works for the sake of learning the trade, and he receives instruction in the trade to pay for the work that he does. He also receives his board, and his clothing, but no pay in money. A boy generally continues to be an apprentice till he is twenty-one years old. An apprentice is *bound* to his master, by a special agreement, to stay with him until he is twenty-one. Because, when he first goes to work at the trade, he does his master very little good; since he does not know how to use the tools, or to exer-

cise the necessary skill. So that for two or three years he receives a great deal of instruction, but is of very little service to his master, to pay for the trouble he occasions. Afterwards, when he has learned the trade pretty well, his work is worth more, and he needs less instruction. Then, if he remains with his master, and is faithful, he repays him for the time and trouble which his master expended upon him when he first came. This is the only way by which the master can get paid, and so it is usual to bind the apprentice to his master by an agreement, that if the master will teach the apprentice his trade, the apprentice will then stay and work faithfully for his master, until he is twenty-one years old.

After he has arrived at that age, he is then free, and he may either stay with his old master and work for wages, or he may go and exercise his trade wherever he pleases. If he works for his old master, or with any other master, for wages, he is called a journeyman. Forester explained all this to Marco as they were walking home, and he said at last that the locksmith's man looked rather young, but that he did not know, from his appearance, whether he was a journeyman or an apprentice.

As Forester and Marco came down School street, and turned into Washington street, where they could see the clock upon the Old South church, Forester observed that it was after ten o'clock. He, therefore, told Marco that he be-

lieved he would go down into State street and deliver a letter which he had brought from New York, and which he was to leave at one of the banks. The banks, he said, were opened at ten o'clock. Marco was quite at a loss whether to go with Forester to the bank in State street, or to go to the boarding-house and see how the locksmith's man was going to open the lock. Finally, he concluded upon the latter. So Forester turned and went towards State street, and Marco went the other way, towards Franklin street.

He stopped occasionally to look into the shop windows to see the toys; and at length he came to a curious kind of low window, where, among other things, there were several fishing-lines, and also fishing-rods made in joints, to be taken to pieces and packed in a small compass, for long excursions. While he was stopping to examine these, and thinking whether he had not better buy one of them, rather than a flageolet, he heard a jingle of keys behind him. He looked round and saw a young man coming along with a small basket in one hand, and a bunch of curious-looking keys, or rather wires bent somewhat into the form of keys, in the other. The young man had changed his dress a little, so that at first Marco did not recognise him. But he thought immediately that it must be the locksmith's man, and he accosted him, saying,

"Are you going to open our trunk?"

"In Franklin place?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Marco.

"Yes," rejoined the man.

So Marco left the question of buying the fishing-rod, instead of a flageolet, undecided, and walked along with the workman.

"Are you an apprentice, or a journeyman?" said Marco.

"Why, what do you want to know that for?" asked the young man.

"O, nothing, only I thought I should like to know," replied Marco.

"I 'm an apprentice," said the workman, "but I shall be free in about two months."

"And what are you going to do then?" asked Marco.

"I'm going to work with a man that is getting up a new kind of lock for banks. It is a patent."

"Is it a kind of lock," asked Marco, "which people can't get open without the keys?"

"Yes, or with the keys either, unless they know how to use them," said the apprentice.

"I don't see," said Marco, "how you are going to get our trunk open, without the key."

"You will find it will be very easy," said the apprentice.

"Are you going to open it with these things?" said Marco.

So saying, Marco pointed to the bunch of instruments which the apprentice held in his hand.

The apprentice held them up to Marco, so that he might examine them. Marco saw that they

were formed somewhat in the shape of keys, though he could not tell by the inspection of them how they were to open a lock.

"What do you call these things?" said Marco.

"We call them picks," said the apprentice.

"They are of different sizes," said Marco. "I suppose that it is to make them fit different kinds of locks."

"Yes," said the apprentice, "and they are not only of different sizes, but of different shapes."

Marco examined them minutely, and he found that though there was a general resemblance as to form, yet the proportions of the parts were different even in those picks which were of about the same size.

"I wish I had a bunch of picks," said Marco, "and then I could open any lock I pleased."

"No," said the apprentice, "I don't think you could open a lock, if you had the picks. It requires something else besides picks to do it."

"O, I did not know that," said Marco. "What else must you have besides the picks?"

"Skill to use them," said the apprentice.

"Why, what skill is wanted," asked Marco. "Don't you put these right into the keyhole, just like the key?"

"Yes," said the apprentice, "but then you must know exactly where to feel for the bolt.

"Besides," continued the apprentice, "it would not be safe for everybody to have a bunch of picks."

"Why not?" asked Marco.

"Why, it is not everybody that would make an honest use of them. I have known robberies to be committed with a bunch of picks."

"How?" said Marco.

"Why, once there was a thief coming on from New York to Boston, in the steamboat, and he happened to find out that there was a man on board who had some money in his trunk."

"How much?" asked Marco.

"O, I believe there was about one thousand dollars," replied the apprentice.

"How did he find out that the man had the money?" asked Marco.

"I don't know," replied the apprentice. "He found it out some way or other. Well, when they got to Boston the thief went to a locksmith's shop,"—

"Was it your shop?" said Marco.

"No," replied the apprentice, "some other locksmith's—and he wanted to borrow a bunch of picks."

"I should not have thought they would have lent them to him," said Marco.

"Why, he said," replied the apprentice, "that it was to open a bureau in a sick lady's room. He said the lady was his wife, and that the doctor did not want to have any stranger go into the room; but he thought that if the locksmith would lend him a bunch of picks, he could get the bureau open. So the locksmith lent him the picks, and he went away.

"Then he came to the hotel where the traveller lodged, with the picks in his pocket. He came there just after breakfast, and he watched about the door, until he saw the traveller go out and walk away. Then, after a few minutes, he went in with the bunch of picks in one hand, and some tools in the other,—and with his coat off, in order that he might look like a mechanic. He went boldly up to the bar-keeper, and said that the gentleman sent him to open a trunk in his room, No. 35,—as he had lost the key."

"How did he know what the number of his room was?" asked Marco.

"He came the day before, and looked on the books at the hotel," replied the apprentice.

"The bar-keeper said very well, and called a waiter to go and show the man No. 35. So the waiter and the thief went off together, up stairs.

"But that instant the bar-keeper happened to think that it was rather strange that the gentleman should allow a locksmith to go into his room and open his trunk without being there to attend to it; and so he called to the waiter at the foot of the stairs, and when he came back, he whispered to him that he had better stay in the room until the locksmith should get through.

"Then the waiter went up stairs again, and showed the thief into the room; and instead of going away and leaving him there, he went in too. They both went to the trunk together, and the waiter stood by, while the thief kneeled down be-

fore the trunk and began to put in his picks, pretending to try to open the lock."

"Did n't he really try?" asked Marco.

"No," replied the apprentice. "He did not want to open the trunk while the waiter was looking on. So that while he was fumbling with the picks in the lock, he was really trying to think of some plan to get rid of the waiter. Finally he concluded to send him down stairs on some errand or other. So he asked the waiter if he would not go down and get him a hammer."

"And did he go?" said Marco.

"Yes," replied the apprentice. "He went down, and then the thief thought he must make haste and get away with the money before the

waiter came back again. So he opened the trunk immediately, for he had found out which was the

right pick to use, before the waiter went away; and he soon found the bundle of money. He clapped it into his pocket, locked the trunk again, and went down stairs.

"But unluckily," continued the apprentice, "he met the waiter at the foot of the stairs, coming up with the hammer."

"So he was caught finely," said Marco.

"No," replied the apprentice; "he had considered that he might possibly meet the waiter, and so he was prepared for it. He told him he found that he should have to go back to the shop again, for some more picks, for those he had brought would not answer; and he asked the waiter to carry the hammer up and put it on the trunk, and he would be back again in a few minutes. The waiter said, very well, and he went up stairs and put the hammer on the trunk, which he saw was locked, and so he supposed it was all safe. So the thief went down the steps into the street, and walked away with the money in his pocket."

"Excellent," said Marco, clapping his hands; "that was a capital plan. And so he got off safe with the money?"

"No, on the contrary, he got caught," said the apprentice.

"Got caught!" exclaimed Marco.

"Yes," replied the apprentice, "he got caught in a curious way."

"How?" asked Marco, eagerly.

"Why, when he was coming down stairs," said the apprentice, "the bar-keeper happened to notice

the appearance of his hand, which was white, and the fingers were slender and delicate, instead of being short and large, and blackened with iron, like those of a real locksmith."

So saying, the apprentice held out his hand for Marco to see how different a working mechanic's hand was from that of a person unaccustomed to labor.

"Well," said Marco, "and what then?"

"Why, he immediately suspected that he was no locksmith, and he called to two other waiters, and told them to follow the man at a little distance from him, and see where he went; and if he went to any place but a regular locksmith's, to stop him, and send for an officer."

Marco and the apprentice now reached the door of the boarding-house, so that the story was here interrupted. They rang the bell, and when the door was opened, they entered and went up stairs. The apprentice kneeled down upon the carpet and began to try one and another of his picks; and when he found one which would go in, he began feeling with the end of it, for the bolt of the lock. In a short time, he succeeded in springing back the bolt and opening the trunk. Then he took a piece of paper and pressed it against the key-hole, in a peculiar manner; rubbing his finger around against the edge of the key-hole in such a manner as to make an impression of the shape of the key-hole upon the paper. He said he would take that to the shop and fit a new key by means of it.

Marco was so much interested in this process, that he did not ask any more questions about the conclusion of the story; but when, at last, the apprentice was gathering up his tools to go away, he asked him whether they caught that thief.

"Yes," said the apprentice, "they followed him and caught him. They found the money in his pocket, and sent him to the state prison for seven years."

Marco was glad to learn that the thief was detected. The pleasure which he had expressed before was admiration of the ingenuity which he manifested, not approbation of such an act of crime.

Here the apprentice bade Marco good morning, and went away, promising to come with the new key the next morning immediately after breakfast.

CHAPTER IV.

MORTGAGING.

One morning, about eleven o'clock, Forester found that he was going to be engaged for several hours, and he told Marco that he might go out, if he chose, and ramble about the streets for a little while, and see what he could find to amuse himself.

"I might go and buy my flageolet," said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "if you have got money enough."

Marco went to his trunk and took out the purse in which he was accustomed to keep his money. He poured it out upon the bed which was in the room, to count it. He found there was one dollar and fifty-five cents.

"Is that enough, do you think, cousin Forester?" asked Marco.

"No," replied Forester, "I don't think it is quite enough. I believe a flageolet costs about one dollar and three quarters; which is twenty cents more than you have got. But, as you have got so nearly the proper amount, I will lend you what is wanting to make it up, and you can pay me out of what you save in future.

"But suppose I don't save anything more?" said Marco.

"Well, you must pledge your flageolet then, to me, for the payment of the money."

"How do you mean?" asked Marco.

"Why, you can agree that the flageolet shall not be fully yours until you have paid me what is my due. That is the way men often do. If a man wants to buy a house which costs twelve thousand dollars, and he has only got ten thousand dollars, he can borrow two thousand dollars of some one who has got it to lend, and pledge the house to the lender, as his security. Then he cannot sell the house to anybody without paying the debt; or rather, if he does sell it, the debt goes with it; and whoever buys the house, must pay the debt."

"I don't think that is fair," said Marco.

"Yes," said Forester, "because, if a man buys the house, he buys it with the understanding that he will have two thousand dollars to pay to the original owner before it can be entirely his; and so he pays the man who sells it to him so much the less. That is called an encumbrance. The house is encumbered, as they say, by a mortgage of two thousand dollars; and, of course, whoever buys it, pays two thousand dollars less than what he supposes its full value; for he knows he will have the mortgage to pay too, when the time comes."

"When what time comes?" said Marco.

"Why, the time for the payment of the mortgage. When a mortgage is taken, the time is always specified at which the sum must be paid; and when that time comes, whoever owns the house then, must pay it. The mortgage goes with the house."

"I would n't buy a house which was mortgaged," said Marco.

"Why not?" asked his cousin.

"Why, I don't know," said Marco, "but I would n't."

"I do n't see that it would make much difference. If it is not mortgaged, you pay the full amount, when you buy it. If it is mortgaged, you pay a part when you buy it, and the other part at the time that the mortgage expires. You do not have to pay any more in all than you would if it was not mortgaged."

"Suppose," said Marco, "that when the time comes for paying the mortgage, the man that has the house then, won't pay it. What then?"

"Why, then the house itself becomes the property of the man that it was mortgaged to. That is the very condition of the mortgage. In case the money is not paid at the time agreed upon, then the house belongs to the man that lent the money. For instance, suppose you borrow money of me, and mortgage your flageolet for it, and suppose we have a month for the mortgage to run; then, in case you do n't pay the twenty cents sometime in the course of the month, then the flageolet becomes mine."

"What, the whole flageolet?" said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester.

"But," said Marco, "you would only have paid twenty cents, and I should have paid one dollar and fifty-five; and I don't think it would be right that you should have the whole of it."

"No," replied Forester, "and you would have it in your power to prevent it, by paying the twenty cents as you agreed to."

"But perhaps I could not," said Marco.

"True," replied Forester, "that is possible. But people ought not to take property with a mortgage upon it, unless there is good reason to believe that they will have money to pay the mortgage when it becomes due."

"But they might have good reason to believe it," said Marco, "when they took it, and yet be disappointed."

"Yes," said Forester; "that is, for instance, you might mortgage the flageolet to me, now, thinking that you should certainly have the twenty cents before the end of the month; and yet, when the time comes, find that you have not quite enough."

"Yes," said Marco.

"And so, if a man buys a house, when he is not able to pay the whole, he pays a part, and mortgages, that is pledges, the house for the rest, for one year. He thinks he shall be able to pay it before the end of the year, and he has good reason to think so; but perhaps times become

hard, or he is sick, or very unfortunate, and so cannot pay it. Now it seems to you unjust that he should lose his whole house, because he can't pay the last part of the price for it."

"Yes," said Marco, "that is it, exactly."

"There are two ways," replied Forester, "by which a man can avoid losing his house, even if he has not got the money to pay off the mortgage, himself, in such cases. One way is to sell his house to somebody who has got the money. If the house is worth twelve thousand dollars, and he has paid all but two thousand dollars of the purchase money, he could go and sell it to somebody who wanted to buy a house, and get a large part of his money back again. If he could n't get twelve thousand dollars, he probably could get eleven, or ten thousand. Then, with this money, he could pay the mortgage of two thousand, and so have a large sum over, to repay him for what he paid for the house originally. Thus, you see, he would not lose a great deal.

Besides, there is another way. He could go to somebody who had the money to let, and borrow two thousand dollars; that is, enough to pay the mortgage; and so mortgage his house again to the man that lent him the money."

"Why, then," said Marco, "he would be just in the same condition that he was before."

"Yes," said Forester, "except that he would gain time. His second mortgage would, perhaps, have two years to run, and this would give him

more time to earn or save the money. Still, he might find, when the time for paying the second mortgage came round, that he was not prepared for it, and then he must either sell his house or mortgage it again. When property gets encumbered in this way, it is sometimes a long while before the owner can get it free again. Therefore it is generally thought best for a man to be very careful, and not mortgage his property, unless he is very confident that when the money becomes due, he shall be able to pay it."

"I would not mortgage my house," said Marco, 'if I had one."

"It is very probable that you would," said Forester, "if you were a wise man."

"Why?" asked Marco.

"Why, there are various circumstances which might render it a wise plan. Once there was a man who had a house which he kept to let. He had one that he lived in, besides the house that he kept to let. He used to let it for three hundred dollars a year. He had money enough, besides this, to support his family, so that the three hundred dollars a year rent from his house he was going to lay up. The house was in a street called Warren street, and it was a brick house. One day there was a fire in Warren street, and his house took fire, and the inside got very badly burnt before they could put it out. He got some carpenters to examine it, and they said it would cost about fifteen hundred dollars to

make it as good as it was before. Now he had a thousand dollars which he had laid up from the rent of the house in former years; but that would not be enough. He would want five hundred more. This would take the rent of the house for a little more than a year and a half after it was repaired. So he concluded to borrow five hundred dollars, and mortgage the house for it for three years. Then he finished the house and let it, and he took the rent that came in the first two years and paid his mortgage, and then the property was whole again. That was a safe operation."

"Where did the man live?" asked Marco.

"In Vermont," said Forester.

"What was his name?" asked Marco.

"Why?" asked Forester; "is that of any consequence?"

"No," said Marco, "only I should like to know."

"Never mind his name," said Forester; "I had rather you would understand why it was a safe operation. It was because he had every reason to believe that the rent of the house would clear the mortgage in the two years. He, however, made the time *three* years, so as to be perfectly safe. By this means he obtained the money to put his house in repair, so as to get an income from it again very soon. Whereas, if he had made it a rule never to mortgage his property, he would have had to sell the ruins of his house at a great

sacrifice, or else to let them lie useless. Thus there are a great many cases where it is wise to mortgage property."

"What other cases?" asked Marco.

"Why, take the case of your flageolet. You have got nearly money enough to buy it; and now if you borrow the balance of me, you can have the flageolet at once, and be learning to play on it, while you are saving the rest of the money. But if you cannot mortgage it, you would have to wait until you have got the whole sum raised, and thus lose time."

"Yes," said Marco, "unless you would lend me the money without my mortgaging the flageolet."

"True," said Forester, "I should do that if it was necessary; and so it often happens that a man borrows money of those who know that he is honest, and will, in all probability, be able to pay, without pledging any property to them for security. But it is better to give security, and then your friend is safe."

"Well," said Marco, "I will mortgage my flageolet to you, if you will lend me the twenty cents."

Forester accordingly took a pen and wrote the deed of mortgage, as follows:

I hereby sell and convey to my cousin Forester, my flageolet, for value received, to be his property entirely and forever.

The condition of this conveyance is this, that if

I pay to my cousin Forester, in one month, twenty cents, then this instrument to be void; otherwise, of full force and effect.

When Forester had finished reading his deed of mortgage, Marco did not at first understand it very well. On reading it a second time, he perceived that it consisted of two clauses. The first clause seemed to convey the flageolet absolutely to Forester, so as to make it entirely his. The second specified a condition, making the first clause null and void, that is, of no effect, in case Marco should pay the twenty cents. Marco thought that it was rather singular that the writing was made in that form; but Forester told him that that was the usual form in which mortgage deeds were written.

"And now shall I sign it?" said Marco.

"Yes," said Forester,—"no—on the whole, you must not sign it till you have bought the flageolet; for you have not got any flageolet yet, and of course the paper would not be of any force."

"But I cannot get the flageolet till you lend me the twenty cents," said Marco.

"Very well," replied Forester, "I will trust to your honor, until you make the purchase. I will let you have the money now, to go and buy the flageolet this forenoon; and then, as soon as you have bought it, you shall sign the paper, and that will make the flageolet mine in case you fail to pay the money."

So Forester gave Marco the twenty cents, and Marco took his purse from the trunk, and put Forester's money into it, with his. It made one dollar and seventy-five cents, in all. Then Marco bade Forester good morning, and went out to find a music store to buy his flageolet. Forester told him he might ramble about the streets, amusing himself, and buying his flageolet, till dinner time.

CHAPTER V.

LONG WHARF.

It was about half-past eleven when Marco went out, and as two was the dining hour, he easily calculated that he should have two hours and a half for his ramble. He walked up Franklin street to Washington street, which is, in Boston, the street of shops. As soon as Marco Paul got into Washington street, he turned and walked along, looking into the windows of the shops to see if he could see any musical instruments displayed for sale.

He had not gone many steps, before he met two boys walking along the sidewalk, with fishing-lines in their hands. Marco stopped to ask them if they were going a fishing.

"Yes," said one of the boys.

"Where are you going?" asked Marco.

"O, down on Long Wharf," said the boy.

"What kind of fish do you catch there?" asked Marco.

"Perch and flounders," said the boy.

So saying, the boys walked on. Marco would have liked to ask them more about the fishing on

Long Wharf; but they appeared to be impatient at being delayed, and so he let them walk on.

Marco then slowly sauntered along the street, but instead of thinking any more about musical instruments, he began to consider whether it would not be possible for him to go a fishing.

"I have got two hours and a half before dinner," said he to himself; "and if I only had a line and a pole, I have no doubt I could catch a great many fishes, before it would be time to go to dinner."

While he was in this state of mind, his attention was suddenly arrested by seeing, in a sort of low window which he was then passing, a great display of fancy articles, among which was what seemed, at first view, to be a small bundle of canes, of different sizes; but which on a second

examination he perceived was a fishing-pole, formed in joints, so as to be packed in a small compass. There were four canes in the bundle; and they were so formed that the end of one would slide into that of another; so that when they were put together, they formed a long and slender pole. Marco had seen such poles before, in New York.

He determined to go in and ask the price of this kind of fishing-pole. The man who was behind the counter, told him the price, and also showed him one of another kind, which was formed of parts that would slide into each other, so that they presented, when packed together, the appearance of one large cane. There was an ivory head to screw on, at the top of the great cane, when all the other parts were put into it, which kept all secure. The man unscrewed the head of one of these canes, and drew out the lengths of the pole which were within, and put them together so as to make a long fishing-pole. The man told Marco that he thought he had better buy one of that kind, by all means.

"What is the price of it?" asked Marco.

"Why, I will sell you one for two dollars," said the man, "and that is very low indeed."

"But I havn't got so much money as that," said Marco.

"How much money have you got?" asked the man.

"I have only got one dollar and seventy-five

cents," replied Marco, "and that I was going to buy a flageolet with."

"A flageolet?" said the man. "I should think you would like a fishing-pole a great deal better than a flageolet."

Marco did not reply to this remark, though he was quite inclined to concur with the man in his opinion. He thought that there was much more pleasure in fishing than in music, and he wished very much that he had not concluded on purchasing the flageolet.

"Besides," continued the shopkeeper, who noticed his hesitation, "you can't get a flageolet for one dollar and seventy-five cents. They cost more money."

"How much more do they cost?" asked Marco.

"O, you can't get one under two dollars, or two and a quarter. But I will let you have this fishing-pole for one dollar and seventy-five cents, since that is all the money you have got."

Marco looked at the fishing-pole again, and he found it almost impossible to resist the temptation to purchase it. There was a line attached to it, with a hook and a sinker complete. He saw that it was all ready for him to take at once down to Long Wharf and go to fishing. Nothing was wanting but bait, and he thought that the boys who had already gone down would give him some of their bait.

So Marco bought the fishing-pole, and paid to

the shopkeeper all his money. He took his pole and went out. He felt somewhat guilty, knowing that this transaction was not right. So he turned down, as soon as he could, out of Washington street into one of the obscure streets which led out of it. He supposed he should be thus in less danger of meeting his cousin, who, he thought, might perhaps be walking out at that time.

He soon, however, got so far away from the usual routes taken by his cousin, that he felt no farther solicitude on this subject, and then he began to inquire his way to Long Wharf. He followed the directions which he received, and after passing through several streets, and turning a great many corners, he at length came to it. Marco was much struck with its appearance; for, as it presented itself to his view, it seemed to be a long street, with a row of stores and warehouses on one side, and of vessels on the other.

Long Wharf is indeed one of the most remarkable structures in Boston. It is built out to a great distance in the water, and it is so broad that it contains a row of stores near one side of it. This row extends through the whole length of the wharf. Between these stores and the edge of the wharf on one side, there is a narrow footpath; and on the other side there is a broad paved street, over which carts and carriages drive down upon the wharf. The road was paved with stones, and there were a great many trucks, carts, and carriages, going to and fro upon it.

Marco was surprised to see so large a wharf It was very different from the piers in New York, which are short and narrow. The New York piers are only intended to land the merchandise upon, from the ships. So that Marco was surprised to see such a wharf as this;—very long, and wide enough to contain a broad street and a range of lofty buildings.

Marco walked down to the wharf upon the sidewalk in front of the stores, between the stores and the street. There was another sidewalk on the other side of the stores close to the edge of the wharf; for on the back side, the edge of the wharf is very near the stores. This is made so, in order that the barrels, and hogsheads, and boxes, and bales, which contain the merchandise, can be rolled off at once from the vessels into the stores. All the stores have doors opening towards the back side of the wharf; and also front doors opening towards the street. And there is a sidewalk on the front side, as well as on the back side. Marco went down on the front side. He walked leisurely along, with his pole over his shoulder; amusing himself by reading the signs hung up on the vessels opposite to him, across the road-way. These signs were hung up in the rigging, to tell to what part of the world the vessels were going. They were put up in order that if any person had any goods to send to any part of the world, he might know at once, by walking down the wharf, whether there were any vessels there going to the part of the world to which he wished to send them

See page 78.

Marco's walk was several times interrupted by *skids* placed across the sidewalk. These skids consisted of two strong bars framed together, in such a manner that they could be placed across the sidewalk, with one end resting upon the step of the door, in order to roll up barrels, bales, and boxes, from the trucks by which they were brought to the store. When Marco came to a pair of these skids, he would stop a moment to see the men roll up one or two barrels or boxes, and then he would jump over the skids and walk along. He thought that he must keep on until he reached the end of the wharf; for the side of it, opposite to where he was walking, was lined with vessels, which lay so closely together that he saw no good chance to fish between them.

At length, he saw an opening among the vessels at a short distance before him. There were three or four barrels on the edge of the wharf opposite to the opening, and one or two men standing there. The men seemed to be looking down to something in the water. Marco went across the street to the edge of the wharf, to see what it was that they were looking at. There was a broad platform of plank, extending along the edge of the wharf on this side, made to land the merchandise upon, from the ships. The men and the barrels were upon this platform.

Marco went to the platform and looked down over the edge of the wharf to the water. The tide was nearly out, and the water was conse-

quently low. It was nearly ten feet down to the water. Marco looked down and saw a large flat-bottomed boat lying there. It was loaded with boards, clapboards, barrels and boxes. It looked very much like the scows which Marco had seen on the Erie canal. It was, in fact, shaped very much like the Skipjack.

In the middle of this boat, there was a large quantity of salt, in a sort of bin, made of boards. This bin occupied the whole width of the boat. There was a man standing upon the salt, looking up to the wharf, and talking with a man who was standing there, about the best way of getting some barrels down. Finally, they concluded to send down another man to the boat, and roll the barrels down upon a plank. They thought it would take two men to keep the barrels from coming down too fast. Marco wanted to see how they succeeded in getting the barrels down; but just then he happened to look down the wharf, and he saw several boys sitting upon the edge of it at some distance before him, fishing; and he immediately left the flat-bottomed boat, and walked on.

Marco felt a great interest in trying his fishing-pole, and also in seeing what sort of fishing there was on Long Wharf. The pleasure of anticipation was not, however, wholly unalloyed; for he felt a secret inquietude in regard to the whole transaction of the purchase.

"I don't know what cousin Forester will say," he thought to himself, "when he finds out that I

have bought this fishing-pole instead of a flageolet. But I think it is a great deal better. I would rather have this than two flageolets."

Then he reflected that he had mortgaged the flageolet to Forester, or rather promised to mortgage it; and that, in the mean time, Forester had trusted to his honor that he would really make the purchase.

"But then," thought he, "I can mortgage the fishing-pole; and that will do just as well. In fact, I think it is better security than the other."

This idea only quieted his mind for an instant; for he immediately reflected that he had no right to change the security for money borrowed, without the lender's consent. Besides, he now recollected that he was not allowed to expend any of his money without his cousin's approval of the object, first obtained. It is true, he thought there was no doubt that his cousin would approve of this purchase, for he knew that a fishing-pole was a very useful thing to him; but then there was a great difference between believing that his cousin would approve of a purchase when it was made, and actually obtaining his approval beforehand; and he well knew that it was this last which he was required to do.

Thus he was embarrassed and distracted by unquiet and conflicting thoughts, until at last he came to the place where the boys were fishing.

The first thing which arrested his attention, was, observing that the boys used no fishing-

poles. In Vermont, where he went a fishing on the rivers, it was always necessary to take a pole; because the water was shallow near the shore, and it was only by means of a pole that the line could be thrown off into deep water. But there was no need of a pole in fishing off Long Wharf, for the side of the wharf descended perpendicularly, down to a great depth, so that the boys could sit upon the edge of the wharf and hold their lines directly in their hands.

Marco looked on a moment, and presently one of the boys drew up a flounder. Then he asked one of them to give him some bait. The boy gave him some, without any hesitation.

"Don't you use fishing-poles?" said Marco.

"No," replied one of the boys, "we always fish right off the wharf."

"I've got a fishing-pole," said Marco.

"What good will it do you?" rejoined one of the boys.

Marco, not being exactly prepared to answer this question, was silent. But he began to unscrew the top of his great cane, and to draw out the joints of his fishing-rod from within.

The display of so superior an article of fishing apparatus did not attract so much attention and admiration on the part of the other boys as Marco had expected. They turned their heads a moment to look at Marco while he was fitting the joints, and then gave their whole attention to their own lines again.

Marco baited his hook with the bait which the boys had given him, and threw off his line.

The other boys succeeded in drawing in fishes from time to time. Sometimes they took a perch, —sometimes a flounder. Marco did not succeed so well, and at last he said,

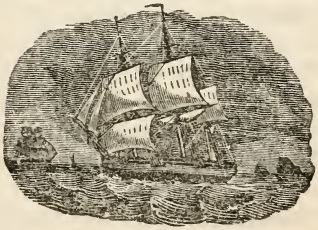
"I wonder why I don't get any bites."

"You had better put your line close into the wharf," said one of the boys.

Marco could not help feeling a little chagrined, to find that his pole was of no advantage to him, but rather the contrary. He was very unwilling to lay it aside and fish like the other boys, directly from the edge of the wharf. He contrived, however, by standing back a little and holding his pole in an oblique position, to draw his line in nearer to the wharf, where, the boys said, the fish were most likely to bite. In this way he succeeded. He caught several fishes, which he laid down, as fast as he caught them, at the foot of an enormous round post that was standing near him. He spent more than an hour here, highly enjoying the fishing, and yet there was mingled with his delight a feeling of inquietude and self-reproach, which made his situation, on the whole, quite a painful one.

However, he succeeded in taking several fishes. He caught one very singular one, which the boys said was a sculpion. The boys told him, too, that the sculpion was good for nothing, and so Marco threw him into the water again. After about an

hour, Marco thought it was time for him to go home, and so he put up his pole, strung his fishes upon a piece of twine, which one of the boys gave him, and with his pole in one hand and his fishes in the other, he began to walk along up the wharf on the way towards home.



CHAPTER VI.

A FALSE POSITION.

Marco, thinking that he had time enough, walked leisurely along, without much thought or care;—but at length, when he had got nearly to the upper end of the wharf, he began to ask himself what he was going to do with his fishes now that he had caught them. He did not seem to be exactly disposed to carry them to his boarding-house. He thought that going in with a string of fishes in his hand, would be rather an abrupt way of acquainting Forester with his misappropriation of his funds. He thought that he should like to choose a favorable time and opportunity to tell his cousin of what he now began to consider as a fault. After the novelty and excitement of the first use of his fishing-rod was over, he was in a much better state of mind to judge correctly of the nature of the transaction. He had a sort of undefined and half-formed feeling, at the time that he bought the fishing-rod, that Forester would not think it was right; but now he had a distinct and clear conviction of it, and he soon came to the conclusion, that he must choose some other mode of making known the circumstances to Forester,

than by going in abruptly, just at dinner-time too, with his fishes in his hand.

But what to do with his fishes was the question. He wished he had given them to the boys at the end of the wharf. He was almost inclined to go back and do this, but he was afraid it would make him late for dinner. He looked about to see if there was any steeple in sight, which had a clock on it to tell him the time, but he could not see any.

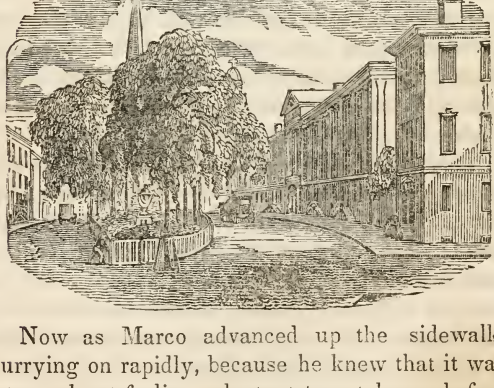
After looking about in all directions to find some other boys to whom he could give his fishes, without finding any, and feeling that he must get rid of them in some way or other, he concluded to throw them into the water; and he accordingly walked across the pavement to the edge of the wharf opposite to him. The tide was low, and as he was now near the upper end of the wharf, where the water is not deep, he could see the muddy bottom, covered with sticks and rubbish of all kinds, which had been thrown in. Schooners and sloops and other small vessels, which had been brought up to this part of the wharf, were lying aground. Marco stood here a moment, reluctant to throw his fishes away; but the longer he kept them the more uneasy he felt. At length he threw them in. They fell into the water at some distance from the wharf, and half sinking, half floating, they drifted away with the ebbing of the tide.

Marco felt a sort of relief when he found that his fishes were disposed of, but he very soon per-

ceived that he had a serious source of trouble remaining; for as he walked along up State street, which is the street that leads from the head of Long Wharf up into the heart of the city, he reflected that his fishing-pole would embarrass him almost as much, when he got home, as his fishes would have done. His perplexity on this account increased as he proceeded. He finally concluded, that he had acted very unwisely in buying the fishing-pole, and he determined to carry it back to the shop where he had bought it and ask the man to give him his money again. He had turned off to the left from State street, which he recollected was the direction in which he had come, and he was endeavoring to find his way back to the part of Washington street where he had bought his fishing-pole, in order to carry his resolution of returning it into effect, when suddenly he heard the clock of the Old South church strike two.

This was the dinner hour, and it made it necessary for him to make the best of his way home. He therefore inquired the way to Franklin street, and following the directions which he received, he soon found the street; but in coming into it from the part of the city where he was, he entered by the lower end, so that he came up through what is called Franklin Place. Franklin Place is a continuation of Franklin street. In Franklin Place, the line of houses is straight upon one side, and curved, like a crescent, on the other. This makes the space between the houses very wide, much

wider than is necessary for a street. They have accordingly enclosed a part of this space, and planted trees and shrubbery in it. This enclosure is long and narrow, and extends up and down the place in the middle of it, and has a paved street on each side between the enclosure and the houses. The enclosure is surrounded by a sort of palisade fence, and it presents a very agreeable appearance as seen from the windows of the surrounding houses; and, in fact, it makes Franklin Place, in the summer season, one of the most alluring streets in Boston to the eye of a stranger.



Now as Marco advanced up the sidewalk, hurrying on rapidly, because he knew that it was late, and yet feeling reluctant to get home before he could contrive some way to dispose of his fishing-pole, it suddenly occurred to him that he might hide it under the shrubbery of this enclosure. He

accordingly hastened across to the fence, and put the pole in between the palisades. He contrived to conceal it very securely in the grass, and he resolved that immediately after dinner he would carry it back to the store and get his money.

Then Marco went into his boarding-house. He found the family at dinner. He went in and took his seat at his proper place, by the side of Forester. He was afraid Forester would question him too closely about his proceedings. The wisest thing which he could have done, would have been frankly to have told to Forester the whole story. If he had been unwilling to have done this at the dinner table, where others would have heard, he might have said to Forester, in a low tone, in answer to any question which he might have asked, that he would explain the circumstances to him after dinner or at another time. But, instead of this, he wished to conceal his adventure from Forester altogether. He did not intend to tell a falsehood; but he was willing to put himself into a false position. It is important that the reader should understand exactly what is meant by this phrase, "a false position."

Boys, that are too conscientious deliberately to *declare* what is false, are very often willing to do and say things which lead others to *believe* what is false in regard to their conduct or doings. If others understand and believe the truth concerning us, we are in a true position before them. If they understand or believe what is false concerning us,

we are in a false position. We may put ourselves in a false position without saying or doing anything false ourselves. For instance, if a boy, when sent to school, instead of going as he ought, spends the afternoon in play, and then, about the time when school should be done, goes around to get into the road which leads from school, and walks along in it, with his book in his hand, towards his home, that his father may see him coming in the right road, and at the right time, and may suppose that he is coming from school,—in such a case, he does not tell a falsehood, but he puts himself in a false position. His father understands something to be true of him which is not true.

It is always very dangerous to put ourselves in a false position. There are various objections to it, but one of the most serious is, that we are very liable to be brought, in this way, under strong temptations to tell a falsehood to sustain our position. We may indeed, in some cases, sustain our false position by what we say, without actually telling falsehoods. For instance, if the father of the boy above described, should say to him, "Well, Charles, I hope the master has not had to find any fault with you at school to-day," and Charles were to reply, "No, sir, he has not;" this would not be telling a falsehood, but still it would be saying what would help to keep up the false appearances. It would be sustaining the false position. But then there is great danger that the

boy, in such a case, will be led on to tell a direct falsehood. The next question from the father might be, "Was your cousin James at school this afternoon?" Now Charles must either say yes, when he does not know whether his cousin was there or not, or he must confess that he has not been at school. He will be in great danger of saying, "Yes, sir." He *presumes* his cousin was at school, or at any rate he does not know that he was not, and so he considers it not a falsehood to say that he was. But then, perhaps, the next question would be, "And did you get to school yourself in season?" Now, at last, Charles must either tell a direct and absolute falsehood, or he must confess that he has been acting a falsehood. In such cases the temptation will be very strong indeed. In fact, a large portion of the falsehoods which children are guilty of, are drawn from them in this way. They first put themselves into false positions, without being aware of the danger, and then suddenly find themselves in a situation where they must state what is false in order to sustain the position they have taken, or else become detected and exposed.

When Marco had taken his seat, and while the waiter, who attended at the table, was pouring him out a glass of water, Forester said,

"Well, Marco, have you bought your flageolet?"

"No, sir," said Marco.

"Why didn't you buy one?" said Forester.

"Why,———they would not sell them for a dollar and three quarters."

"Wouldn't they?" said Forester; "I thought they would sell plain ones for that. Those that are tipped with ivory and have a silver key, are higher. Which kind did you look at?"

"I—don't know, exactly," said Marco, hesitating. He had a great mind to tell Forester, at once, the whole story—but just then, his cousin's attention was called off by some one of the company, and Marco had no opportunity. Presently Forester turned to him again, and said,

"And where have you been all this time,—rambling about the streets?"

"Yes," said Marco.

"And did you have a good time?"

"Yes," said Marco, "pretty good."

In all this conversation, Marco had said nothing which was absolutely false, but he was in most imminent danger; for if Forester had asked him any question which would have required either a false answer, or a confession of the truth, the temptation would have been almost irresistible to give a false answer. But Forester did not press him with any more inquiries. He perceived that Marco was not at his ease. Unless a boy is very much hardened in guilt, there will be something in his air and manner, at such a time as this, which will show to a discerning person that there is something wrong. Forester forbore to question Marco any further, intending, in his

own mind, to take some other way of ascertaining and of remedying the difficulty.

Marco was very much afraid that Forester would ask him for the money after dinner; but he did not. In fact, Forester said nothing more on the subject. A short time after dinner he went away, telling Marco that he might amuse himself in any way he pleased, till tea time.

When Forester had gone, Marco remained in the room a little while, till he supposed that his cousin had had time to go to some distance from the house, and then he took his cap and went forth to get his fishing-pole. He went down the street, towards Franklin Place, and then went across to the enclosure, going up to it at the place where he had concealed the pole. He knew the place by its being near a certain large tree. He put his hand in through the palisades and felt for the pole among the grass; but, to his surprise and consternation, it was gone. He examined the grass very carefully, but no pole was to be seen. He then looked at the tree, to be sure that it was the right one, and he was confident that it was. Thinking it possible, however, that he might have made some mistake in the place, he walked up and down along the palisades, and looked through every place which had any resemblance to the one where he had concealed the pole; but all in vain. He was at length compelled to come to the conclusion that his pole was really gone, and slowly and sorrowfully he returned to his room.

He now wished, with all his heart, that he had told Forester at first what he had done, for he could not think of any conceivable way of getting out of the difficulty now, except by telling Forester, whenever he should ask for the money, that he had lost it. This he could not really make up his mind to do. Though he had prevaricated and given answers intended to convey a false impression, he did not like to fabricate a deliberate and palpable falsehood; and he did not know what else to do. He had, in fact, got into a false position, and he did not see how he should get out of it.

Boys are always exceedingly perplexed to find out how to get out of a false position, whenever they get into one. It seems the most difficult thing in the world, though, in fact, the way, though disagreeable, is very plain, if they would but see it. Marco's proper course was to go at once to Forester and relate to him the whole story. But he was a great while in coming to the conclusion to do so. He rambled about in the streets that afternoon, in great distress and perplexity, but at last, when the hour for tea approached, he went towards home, determined to go to his cousin at once, and boldly and honestly state the case to him just as it was.

He found Forester in his room, writing at a table near a window. Marco took a seat at another window, waiting for an opportunity to speak. Forester was just finishing a letter. He folded it

up and began to seal it. Marco perceived that this was his time, and summoning all his resolution, he said,

"Cousin Forester, I would give you back your money, if I only had it."

"Have n't you got it?" asked Forester.

"No," said Marco.

"What have you done with it?" asked Forester.

"I spent it," said Marco.

"What did you buy with it?" asked Forester.

"A fishing-pole," said Marco.

Here there was a pause. Forester laid his letter down before him upon the table, and began to write the superscription upon it. He did not appear to be nearly as much surprised as Marco had expected.

Forester went on very calmly writing his superscription, and then said,

"Well, Marco, where is the fishing-pole?"

"Why, I have lost it. You see, I did not dare to bring it home, and so I hid it down in the bushes, and I suppose somebody has stolen it."

"The bushes!" said Forester; "what bushes?"

"Why, the—shrubbery behind the iron fence down here in Franklin Place."

Here was another pause. Forester laid his letter down upon the table and looked displeased.

"And do you know," said he, at length, "that you have done very wrong?"

"Yes," said Marco, "I know it was not right."

"I entrusted money to you, confiding in your honor, and you have betrayed the trust."

Marco said nothing, but looked ashamed.

"And you endeavored to deceive me. I believe you told me a falsehood."

"No, sir," said Marco, looking up; "I *thought* of telling you a falsehood, but I concluded it would be better to tell you the truth."

"You told me," said Forester, "that the reason why you did not buy a flageolet was, that they asked more than a dollar and three quarters for them,—whereas the true reason was, that you chose to buy a fishing-pole."

"Well, sir, the man told me that they asked more than a dollar and three quarters for them."

"What man?" asked Forester.

"The man that sold me the fishing-pole."

Here was another pause. Forester seemed to be considering what to do.

"You said," he resumed again, "that you *thought* of telling me a falsehood, but that, on the whole, you concluded not to do it. What was the falsehood which you were going to tell me?"

"Why, I thought that perhaps I would tell you that I had lost the money."

"And why did you conclude not to?" asked Forester.

"Why, I thought," said Marco, hesitatingly, "that it would not be right,—and besides"—Here he stopped.

"And besides what?" said Forester.

"Why—I thought that—perhaps you would find me out some way or other."

"Yes," said Forester, "I should have found you out, if you had concluded to tell me a falsehood, as I will convince you presently; but now,"—

Here Forester was interrupted by the sound of a bell ringing in the entry below. It was the tea bell. As they rose to go down, Marco said,

"I mean to pay you back the quarter of a dollar with the first money I get."

"That is of no consequence," said Forester.

"But I want to pay it," said Marco.

After tea, when Marco and Forester returned to their room, Marco took a seat, and Forester went into the bedroom adjoining, and presently returned, bringing with him Marco's fishing-pole in his hand. He brought it to Marco, and handed it to him, saying,

"There is your fishing-pole, Marco."

If Marco was surprised to find that his fishing-pole was gone when he put his hand into the place where he had concealed it, he was overwhelmed with astonishment at this unexpected reappearance of it. He asked Forester how he got it, but Forester declined giving him any information.

"I suppose you saw me hide it," said Marco.

"No," said Forester, "I did not,—but men have ways of knowing what boys do that they have little idea of. At some future time, perhaps, I will

tell you how I got this pole; but at present, I prefer not to answer any questions about it. There is your fishing-pole, however; I restore it to you safe."

Marco took the pole, and, after a moment's pause, said,

"I am going to carry it back to the man again, and get my money."

"Will he take it again, do you think, and return you the money?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Marco; "won't he?"

"I do not know. I should think it would be doubtful," replied Forester.

"What had I better do, then?" said Marco.

"I should think it would be better to return it, if the man is willing to take it back, for if you keep it, it will be always connected with unpleasant associations in your mind. I do not think you will ever enjoy the possession and use of it."

"Nor I," said Marco.

"But then it is not reasonable to expect the man will give you back the whole of the money."

"Why not?" said Marco.

"Because, after the trouble of exhibiting it to you and effecting a sale of it, he is fairly entitled to his profit on it. All you can expect him to give you for it is what he has to give for such poles, when he buys them of the manufacturer or importer, at wholesale prices."

"How much would that be?" said Marco.

"O, perhaps a dollar and a quarter, or a dollar and a half; but I should rather return it, I think, and have a dollar and a quarter, even if I were to buy a somewhat similar pole at a future time. For this pole will always be connected with unpleasant recollections in your mind."

Marco was fully of Forester's opinion, and he accordingly carried the fishing-pole back, and asked the shopman if he was willing to take it and return him the money, or a portion of the money. The shopman examined it, and found that it was not injured, except that the line had been wet, which he said would injure the sale of it. "But why do you bring it back?" said he. "Was n't your father willing that you should keep it?"

"My father does n't know anything about it," said Marco. "My cousin has the care of me."

"And did he think you had better not keep it?"

"Yes, sir," said Marco.

The shopman finally concluded to pay back a dollar and a quarter for the pole, which Forester said, when Marco went home again, was, on the whole, reasonable. He said, that it was not right that the shopmen should be troubled by the fickleness and indecision of their customers without some remuneration. So Marco lost half a dollar by the transaction. But Forester said that he would share the loss with him.

"I will give up the quarter of a dollar which I lent you," said he, "and consider that you owe

me nothing—and when you have saved a quarter of a dollar more, you will have as much as you had this morning, and then I will lend you a quarter of a dollar again, and you can buy a flageolet if you choose."

"But it is not right for *you* to lose it," said Marco.

"Yes," said Forester, "if I am willing."

"But I think I deserve to lose it all myself, as a punishment."

"Perhaps you deserve it, but I rather think you do not *need* it."

"Why not?" said Marco. "I don't know exactly what you mean by that."

"Why, I think you are really sorry for what you have done in this case, and that you have been punished as much as is *necessary*, without having to bear all the loss. So that I may take a part of the burden upon myself safely. You see that, though it is my duty to punish you, I am not obliged always to punish you as much as you may *deserve*, but only as much as you *need*, to prevent your falling into the same fault again."

CHAPTER VII.

THE COMMON.

One of the most remarkable objects of attraction and interest, in New England, is the Boston Common. The interest which attaches to it is of a very peculiar kind. There is nothing strictly to compare with it in any of the other large cities of the United States.

It is true, that there are public squares and promenades in New York and Philadelphia, which are far superior to Boston Common, in some respects. The Battery, at New York, with its magnificent view of the water, the forts, and the shipping, affords a far more pleasant promenade, morning and evening, than any of the gravel walks upon the Common. In fact, there is not much to attract interest to the Common, in its ordinary condition of repose. It is nothing but a very large, green field, quite irregular in its shape and in its surface, bordered and intersected in every direction with wide gravel walks, and shaded with majestic elms, some of which are very aged and venerable. It is surrounded on all sides but one with broad streets and lofty buildings, the occupants of which cross the Common

in their daily walks to and from the centre of the city. On ordinary days, the observer sees nothing but scattered groups of these citizens, walking, each in their own way, along the various avenues, or children going to their schools; and now and then a few strangers sitting upon the stone seats, which are placed here and there under the elms.

It is only on the occasion of some public spectacle that the Common rises to its proper rank. The promenades and open squares of other cities, though they may afford finer prospects, and are surrounded by more magnificent public edifices, yet they are generally more limited in extent than Boston Common, and then they are smooth and nearly level in their surface, so that a large concourse of people cannot be displayed to good advantage upon them. When a crowd assembles at the Park in New York, each man can see those immediately around him, and nothing beyond. But the Common exhibits a great variety of surface, and a vast assembly can be displayed upon its hills and vales, so that each one of the multitude can see at least enough to get a sublime idea of the widely-extended throng which crowds the scene around him. There are eminences, on which bands of musicians may be stationed, or fireworks played off, and a balloon may be inflated in a dell, with a vast ampitheatre of elevations around it, covered with a multitude of gazers, rows above rows; the whole forming a brilliant

scene, all alive with gay dresses, waving in the wind, and beaming with thousands upon thousands of happy countenances. It is on these occasions that Boston Common emerges from the neglect and indifference with which it is ordinarily regarded, and becomes at once the focus and centre of universal attraction. It makes amends for having been for many months the region of seclusion, quiet and stillness, by suddenly changing the scene, and with its parades, its processions, its music, its fireworks and its vast throngs of animated and excited spectators, becoming all at once, for a single day, the grandest spectacle in all America.

It happened fortunately, therefore, for Marco, who wished to see the Common in all its glory, that while he and Forester were in Boston, there occurred a day of public rejoicings, when there were to be music and fireworks on the Common in the evening. The exhibition was to commence at eight o'clock, and at half-past seven o'clock Marco and Forester sallied forth into the street to repair to the spot.

The sidewalks of the city in all the streets were filled with well-dressed citizens,—men, women and children,—all slowly moving towards the Common. It was not yet dark, so that Marco could see the various groups of which these long processions were composed, very distinctly, and he observed that all their countenances indicated satisfaction and pleasure. They advanced in an

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orderly and noiseless manner, except that now and then a group of sailors or rude boys came crowding by, disturbing the quiet of the scene by singing, or loud vociferation. At last, Marco Paul and Forester came out through the upper end of West street, where they were to enter upon the Common.

There is a high iron fence all around the Common, consisting of palisades, pointed at the top, which it is very difficult to get over. But opposite to all the streets which open towards the Common there are openings, provided for the access and egress of the crowds which come at such times to view the spectacle. These passages are made by substituting a long row of posts, inside of the fence, at the place where it is wished to open a way. The posts are of a handsome form, and are made of iron. They are placed just near enough together to allow a person to pass easily between them, but they would effectually prevent any horses or carriages from passing through to the Common. There is such a row of posts opposite to all the great streets which lead away from the Common, and the row is very long in each place, so as to allow a great many people to pass in and out at the same time.

Just as Marco Paul and Forester were passing in between these posts, with hundreds of others, they were startled by the loud sound of cannon. It came from a hill in the middle of the Common. They could see the smoke gliding away through the trees, by which the hill itself was nearly con-

cealed from their view. At the front of the hill, there was a pond, bordered by an edging of hewn stone, all around it. This pond was east of the hill, and, as the wind was west, the smoke floated away over the centre of the pond.

"What is that for?" said Marco.

"Perhaps it is to call the people to the Common," said Forester.

Just at this moment, the bell in the tower of the Park Street Church, which stands at the corner of the Common, began to ring; and it was followed immediately by another, and another, and another, until one general peal seemed to resound from every part of the city. And presently there came a flash from the hill, followed by another astounding report from the artillery.

Marco was much excited by the sound of the bells and the cannon, and he wanted to go over to the hill where they were firing. Forester, however, thought that they had better not go any nearer.

"Why, there is no danger," said Marco.

"There is very little danger," said Forester, "I acknowledge; but there is some. They put in heavy charges and ram down hard, when they are firing expressly to make a noise; and guns often burst on such occasions."

So Forester and Marco turned to the left, when they had entered the Common, and began to walk along down the Mall. The Mall is a very broad gravel walk, or rather three walks side by side,

with rows of majestic elms between them. Each division of the walk is broad enough for a road. The spreading branches of the elms form a vast canopy over the whole. It is a very pleasant place, especially when it is filled with happy-looking groups of promenaders. After a little time Marco and Forester turned off from the Mall, and entered a narrower walk, also overshaded by trees, which led towards the middle of the Common.

They found that in the middle of the Common there was a large enclosure, formed by a high fence on the sides and an open railing in front, which they perceived at once was the place where the fireworks were to be exhibited. There were several high frames erected in various parts of it, in the shape of wheels, towers and pyramids; and there was a low building, like a shed, in the back part of the enclosure, where the rockets were stored.

As Forester and Marco were walking along, they saw two men coming towards them, holding up a woman, who seemed faint and feeble, so that she could hardly stand. Her head hung down upon her shoulder, and her countenance expressed distress. The men were leading her along upon the grass, away from the crowd. Forester walked forward to meet them, not knowing but that he could render some assistance. At the same instant, several other persons began to gather around them, and ask what was the matter.

"Oh!" said the woman—"Oh!—Oh!—I feel so distressed! Oh!"

"What is the matter?" asked Forester.

"She will be better presently," said one of the men who was supporting her. "Please to stand back, gentlemen; she only wants a little air."

"Don't crowd around so, gentlemen," said the other. "She wants the fresh air."

"Well, Marco, we'll walk along," said Forester.

So they left the crowd, that gathered around the faint woman, and walked on.

The next thing that attracted their attention was a movement among the boys, on a walk at a little distance from them, and over the heads of the boys they saw two horses, walking along one before the other. They appeared to be drawing something along the walk. Marco wanted very much to see what it was, and he drew Forester along through the crowd. They found it was the brass cannon, which had been used for the firing on the hill. They had finished the firing, and were now drawing the cannon off the field. There was a small detachment of men accompanying it. It takes several men to exercise a field-piece.

"I don't see how they can get the cannon off the Common," said Marco. "There is no way to get out but between the posts."

"No," said Forester, "but there is a great iron gate, made expressly for carriages."

"I did not see it," said Marco.

"There is one," said Forester, "because they often want to come in with wheels. They keep the gate locked generally, and only open it when they want to come in for some special purpose."

Marco was at first inclined to walk along with the other boys by the side of the cannon, but his attention was immediately attracted in the opposite direction, by hearing a great shout on the hill, where the cannon had been stationed during the firing. He looked that way, and saw a great number of boys, who were firing India crackers. They had set a whole bunch on fire at a time, and Marco could see the explosions and the smoke where he stood. While he was hesitating whether it would be best to follow the cannon, or to go on toward the hill and see the boys fire their crackers, he suddenly heard a band of music strike up a lively martial air at some distance before him.

He and Forester looked that way, and they saw, between the trees and over the heads of the various groups that were walking to and fro over the grass, a band of music, with their instruments, upon a raised platform, some distance down the Common. This decided Marco at once, for he was very fond of music, especially of that which was of a lively and martial character. So they walked along towards the band.

In the mean time, the whole area of the Common was rapidly filling up with groups of men,

women and children, who came pouring in, in continued streams, from every avenue. The sidewalks of all the streets leading to the Common were filled with people, all pressing forward, steadily, in the same direction. There were not only people from Boston, but vast numbers had been coming in all the afternoon, from the whole surrounding country. During the whole of the afternoon, all the avenues leading to Boston had been pouring in continual trains of vehicles of every kind, which were crowded with passengers, all wishing to see the fireworks that were to be exhibited that evening on the Common. The omnibuses from Roxbury, Cambridge, Charlestown, Dorchester and Brookline; the trains of cars from Salem, Lowell, Worcester and Providence, and private carriages without number, had been coming in, hour after hour, bringing countless thousands into the city. And now, as the evening hour had arrived, all these multitudes were gathering toward the Common. Tremont street, Beacon street, Charles street, Boylston street, Winter street, and West street were so many rivers, pouring in human beings in a steady and uninterrupted flow, hour after hour, until at length the whole surface of the Common was covered with life and motion. In the midst of this scene, Marco stood in a high state of excitement, now looking around and surveying the vast crowds, which extended on every side around him, as far as he could see, and now turning

towards the music, watching the fingers of the clarionet players, and the still more wonderful slides of the trombones, as they were drawn out and in, to produce the necessary sounds. All at once, he was startled by a sudden flash of light, followed by a loud hissing sound. He turned round, and saw a rocket, which had just risen from within the enclosure, and was then streaming up to a vast height in the air.

The rise of this rocket, which was the signal for the commencement of the exhibition, produced a great sensation over a widely extended circle. In the first place, it arrested universal attention over all the Common. All conversation was stopped,—every face was turned towards the enclosure,—and there was a general movement in all quarters, some pressing forward towards the line, and others gathering upon eminences and slopes, and other commanding positions. The ladies and gentlemen in the houses in Beacon street, Park street, and Colonnade Row, which overlook the Common, began to assemble at the windows and upon the balconies. The people, who were coming along the streets, said, "There goes a rocket," and hastened their steps; and even in the towns around, as in Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, where there were eminences which commanded a view of Boston and the Common, there were groups of children collected in the open air, or at the windows of the houses, who clapped their hands, and called out to their parents, that the

fireworks had begun. In fact, there are few things which create a more sudden and widely extended emotion of joy, than the first rocket on the night of an exhibition of fireworks on Boston Common.

In a few minutes, another rocket ascended, and presently another. Then two were sent up together. The next one, after rising to a vast height, burst with a loud explosion, and a large number of balls of fire, some red, some green, and some blue, began to fall from it slowly through the air. These produced a general murmur of pleasure and satisfaction from all around. The people in the enclosure exhibited only rockets for some time, as they wished to reserve the other fireworks until it was entirely dark. But the rockets were much varied in their character. Some, after bursting, sent down a great shower of fire, which fell very slowly, the flakes increasing in brilliancy as they descended, until they disappeared behind the trees of Beacon street Mall. Others gave out balls of fire, and others loud explosions. One rocket, instead of ascending into the air, darted along horizontally, just over the heads of the people, with inconceivable swiftness, and a loud hissing noise. It ran on, till it reached a tree near Tremont street, when it stopped a moment, then began to hiss again louder than ever, and immediately darted back again the same way that it came, scattering showers of sparks as it passed along. After flying back and forth in this manner

several times, it stopped, and the light of it died away,—and pretty soon it went out entirely.

At a later period in the evening, they lighted the works which were mounted on the frames in the enclosure. These were much more splendid than the rockets, though they did not mount so high; and so the children that were among the crowd could not see them so well. The first one was a vast wheel of fire, with a great many smaller wheels within it, all burning with different colored lights, and revolving in opposite directions. Marco moved about eagerly, this way and that, trying to get a place to see over the shoulders of those who were before him; but he could not very well, until, suddenly, Forester took hold of him under the arms, and jumped him up upon his shoulder.

"O, now I can see," said Marco. "O, what a beautiful wheel!"

Forester held Marco a few minutes, until the wheel began to fade, and then he let him down to the ground.

"Wasn't I heavy?" said Marco.

"Pretty heavy," said Forester, "or else I would hold you up all the time. But I will watch, and when I see them light one of the fireworks, I'll lift you up again."

There were other children near, whose parents lifted them up in the same way. The rockets they could see, without being lifted; but the stationary works, fixed on the frames, were not high

enough to be seen by the children, when standing on the ground. These last, the children were

very desirous of seeing, for they were very magnificent and splendid. They all revolved in various ways, sometimes throwing up balls of fire, sometimes showers of sparks, sometimes blue lights, red lights, or jets of variegated flames. In one instance, there were two triangles, revolving in opposite directions, in the midst of a great circle, from the centre of which, a succession of loud reports was taking place, like a discharge of mus-

ketry. But the most magnificent spectacle of all, was an intense phosphoric light, which blazed like a little sun, and was so exceedingly brilliant that it almost dazzled one's eyes to look upon it. Forester raised Marco to his shoulder, as soon as possible, when he saw this light begin to burn, and, when he was fairly mounted, told him to look over the Common; and then he turned him slowly round in such a manner as to allow Marco to survey the scene in every direction, all around him.

The trees upon the Common, and the long ranges of buildings facing it, were lighted up, as if by a conflagration,—and all over the grounds, under the trees, Marco could see thousands and thousands of faces, all turned towards the light, and brightly illuminated.

"O, what thousands of eyes," said Marco, "and all looking the same way."

The ground was, in fact, almost covered with people, as far as Marco could see, in every direction. Tremont street, the Mall, and the level ground in front of it, were perfectly thronged. The sloping banks on the Park street and Beacon street sides were covered with men, women and children, rows above rows, all facing inwards towards the light; and at the windows and balconies all along Park street, and down Colonnade Row, Marco could see hundreds of little groups, every one in as bright a light as if the sun were shining upon him at mid-day. But the dazzling

splendor of the scene was soon over. The light began to fade, and, what was still more fatal to the continuance of this brilliant vision, Forester's shoulder began to ache, and down Marco descended to the ground, and soon found himself hemmed in, on every side, by crowds and darkness, as before.

About half-past nine, was the grand final exhibition. It was the figure of a great building, with its outlines drawn in fire. From the various parts of this building there arose rockets, fireballs, jets of flame, and loud explosions. Fiery serpents sprang out from it to a considerable height, and burst, at their highest elevations, with a loud noise. When this exhibition was over, and the light which it had made faded away, there was a general cry among the crowd, "All out! All out!" which denoted to Marco that the display for the evening was ended. At the same time, there began to be a general movement of the crowd, all turning their faces toward the points of egress from the Common. Forester and Marco followed on. They were detained for some time by the press of the crowd, all struggling towards the passages leading into Winter street; and when, at length, they succeeded in getting through, they found Tremont street crowded with cabs, omnibuses and carriages, waiting to take the company to their homes. Forester and Marco were borne on by the crowd across the street, and thence down the sidewalk of Winter street, towards

their home. Instead of turning down Franklin street, they went on towards the post-office, for Forester had a letter which he wished to put into the box. On their return, they found the streets almost empty and still. There were a few persons coming and going upon the sidewalks, and now and then a carriage passed along the street. As the noise of one of these carriages died upon Marco's ear, he thought he heard a bell. It did not sound like a church bell, but like a hand bell, such as are sometimes rung at hotels.

Forester and Marco thought it was somebody ringing in the street for supper, and the sound seemed to come from a short distance before them. Immediately after the ringing of the bell, they heard the sound of a voice, like that of a man speaking very loud.

"What is that?" said Marco.

"It sounds like a crier," said Forester.

"Let us go on quick, and hear what he is saying," rejoined Marco.

So Forester and Marco hurried on, and just as they reached the corner of School street, they heard the bell ringing again, on the opposite side of the street from that where they were walking, just in front of the Old South church. They stopped to listen. They could just distinguish the form of the crier standing upon the corner of the sidewalk in front of the church, near a hand-cart which was standing there. There were several boys gathering around him. As soon as he had

rung his bell, he called out in a loud voice, with frequent pauses, as follows:

"Lost,—a small boy—four years old.—He had on white trowsers—and a black jacket.—Any information of him communicated to the crier—will be thankfully received by his anxious parents."

Here the crier paused and rang his bell, and then immediately commenced a second annunciation, as follows:

"Found,—two little girls, who strayed from their parents on the Common.—They may be found at Marlboro' Hotel—in Washington street."

Here the crier stopped, and rang his bell to call attention to one communication more which he had to make.

"Lost,—a morocco wallet—containing several bank notes,—and some silver change,—between Park street church and the State House.—Whoever will return said wallet to the crier,—shall be suitably rewarded."

Here the crier, having finished his cries, began to pass on down Washington street, the boys following him. Forester and Marco then went on their way. A few minutes afterwards, they heard the bell ring again in the distance, and the voice of the crier, immediately after it, though they could not distinguish what he said.

"Forester," said Marco, "let us go and help find that little boy."

"Marco," said Forester, "that would do no good."

"I pity the little fellow, with his black jacket and white pantaloons," rejoined Marco.

"So do I," said Forester, "but we cannot do anything to relieve him."

So Marco and Forester went home; and thus ended their adventures in witnessing the spectacle of a display of fireworks on Boston Common.

CHAPTER VIII.

STATE STREET.

When Forester was in Boston, he was accustomed to receive whatever letters Marco's father or mother might send to them, not at the post-office, but at an insurance office in State street. The president of the insurance office was a friend and business correspondent of Mr. Baron's; and Mr. Baron accordingly sent his letters for Marco or Forester to his care. They were, therefore, put into the box at the office belonging to the insurance company, and were taken with the other letters by the clerk, who went every morning to the post-office; and thus they were carried to the counting-room of the insurance office, where Marco or Forester used to go and get them.

One day, about one o'clock, Forester and Marco were walking down State street, to inquire if any letters had come for them by that morning's mail. Marco observed that State street, like Wall street in New-York, was lined with large and handsome buildings, ornamented with porticoes and columns; and that the signs over the doors were chiefly names of banks, insurance offices, notaries and brokers.

"There is a great deal of business done in State street," said Forester, "although we do not see any goods in it."

"What kind of business?" asked Marco.

"Several kinds," said Forester; "though it may be said, in general, that nearly all the immense dealings which take place in this street are in one single article."

"What is that?" asked Marco.

"Obligations," said Forester.

"I don't know what you mean by obligations," said Marco.

"Obligations to pay money," replied Forester. "In small transactions, the obligations which one man comes under, to pay money to another, are usually settled privately between the parties; but in large transactions it is not so. The obligations in these great transactions are usually put in such a form, that they can be bought, sold, or exchanged. The banks and offices of State street constitute the place where all these obligations centre, to be paid or balanced one against the other. So that State street may be considered as the general counting-room of the city. If a Boston merchant gives another one his written promise to pay him a thousand dollars in three months, the paper goes perhaps from hand to hand, till it has performed a considerable circuit; but the merchant who gave it, is pretty sure to find it, at the end of the three months, in State street. If a man wants to lend a thousand dollars, he goes into State street,

and there he finds some one who wants to borrow. If he wishes to borrow a thousand dollars, he goes into State street, and there he finds some one who wants to lend. If he has any money which he wants to keep safe, he sends it to a bank in State street; and if he wants to pay any money he sends the person who is to receive it, to State street, with a written order to the bank that keeps his money, to pay it to him."

"Then there must be a great deal of money in State street," said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "but not so much as might be supposed, judging from the immense magnitude of the money transactions which take place here every day,—for a very large part of the debts of the merchants are balanced by setting off one against the other. So that there is, after all, not so much money in State street as one might suppose. And what money there is, is very seldom used."

"Why, Forester!" exclaimed Marco. He was much surprised to hear such a statement as that. As, however, they had now proceeded some way down State street, and were drawing nearer to the insurance office, Marco looked up to the cupola of the Exchange, to see if the steamboat mail had got in. For there is a flag with the words, "Steamboat Mail," marked upon it, which is always hoisted from the cupola of the Exchange, whenever that mail arrives.

"The steamboat mail is not in," said Marco.

Forester looked up and saw that the flag was not flying. The boat had been detained by a fog. But just as he was about to withdraw his eyes, he saw it run up the flag-staff, and after fluttering a moment, it spread itself to the breeze.

'It has come in," said Marco.

"Yes," said Forester; "and now it will be half an hour before they get the letters distributed; so let us walk on down upon Long Wharf, and come back by-and-by."

Marco and Forester accordingly walked on.

"I will explain to you," said Forester, "how receipts and payments are made, without money, through the banks and other institutions of State street. Suppose a merchant wants to buy a hundred barrels of beef to send away for sale. Now we will suppose that he has no money, but he has an obligation, which another merchant, an importer, has given him, to pay a thousand dollars in four months. This was given him, we will suppose, on account of some merchandise which he has just sold the importer, to be sent to some foreign country. He carries the obligation to a bank in State street, and asks them to exchange their obligation for it. They do so, deducting something as their compensation."

"How much?" said Marco.

"Twenty dollars," said Forester. "And you see the merchant has got the obligation of the bank, instead of the obligation of the importer. The obligation of the bank is a great deal better for his purposes."

"Why?" asked Marco.

"Because," said Forester, "in the first place, though the importer, whose obligation he had at first, may be very rich, yet he is not likely to be known generally away from Boston. But the bank is a public institution, which is known all over the country. Now the merchant wants to send into Vermont, perhaps, where a great many cattle are raised upon the green hills, to buy the beef there. Now the obligation of his brother merchant, the importer, would not be taken, because he would not be known,—but the bank bills will be."

"The bank bills!" repeated Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester; "the bank bills are only the obligations of the bank to pay money whenever it is called for. They are not in themselves money."

"People commonly call them money," said Marco.

"I know they do," said Forester; "as they answer the purpose of money so perfectly, it is not improper to call them so, in common conversation; but in a philosophical explanation of the system, such as I am now giving you, they must be considered as only obligations to pay money on demand, and not as money itself."

"Well," said Marco, "go on."

"Another reason why the obligations of the bank are better than the one of the importer, is that this last was in one great sum,—a thousand dollars,—whereas the bank can give its obligation

for small sums,—tens, fives, threes, and ones,—just as the merchant may think most convenient for purchasing cattle of the farmers."

"Yes," said Marco, "that makes the bank bills a great deal better."

"And there is another reason still," said Forester. "The obligations of a bank are made payable on demand, that is, whenever anybody calls for the money. But the obligation of the importer was not payable until after four months. People are, of course, much more ready to take obligations payable on demand, because they know that they can have gold or silver for them at any time they desire. Thus, you see, here are three reasons, why the obligations given him by the bank are better for the merchant than the one which he originally received of his brother merchant; the bank is better known,—the obligations are in smaller sums,—and they are made payable on demand. For these reasons the farmers in Vermont will take them readily in payment for their cattle, and the merchant is willing to pay the bank twenty dollars to make the exchange.

"Now the merchant gives his money to his agent, and sends him into Vermont to buy cattle; and thus the nine hundred and eighty dollars of bank obligations become scattered all over Vermont. You might, perhaps, think that these farmers would not like to take these promises of the bank, as they live so far away that they cannot conveniently go to the bank, with the bills, to call for the money, if they should want it. But the

truth is, farmers do not often want to use gold and silver. They only want something to pay their debts with to the traders in the country towns, where they buy their sugar and tea, and calicoes, and cloths, and such other articles as they cannot raise on their farms. Now, as these traders are continually owing the Boston merchants for the tea, sugar, &c., which they buy in Boston, they prefer these bank obligations to silver and gold; for they can send them more conveniently to Boston to pay their debts with. All that the farmers want, is something which the store-keepers and traders will take. Accordingly, all these bills, after passing through several hands, come at last into the traders' hands, and they keep them to pay their debts in Boston. They send them on in packages by the stage-drivers and by private passengers."

"Yes," said Marco, "you always have to bring packages for the store-keepers when you come from Vermont."

"Now let us suppose," continued Forester, "that all the traders into whose hands this nine hundred and eighty dollars of bank obligations came, owed the very importer who gave the thousand dollars' obligation to the merchant. They would send on these bills to him to pay their debt. Then these bank obligations would come into his hands; and when the four months come round, and the bank sends him word that his own obligation has become due, and that he must call and pay it, he takes twenty dollars out of his profits made by

selling the merchandise which he bought for the thousand dollars, and adds it to the nine hundred and eighty, which he received from the country traders, and thus makes up the sum which was due. He carries these bills to the bank and exchanges them for his own note. Thus he gets back his obligation without paying any money for it. And the bank gets back its obligation too, without paying any money. The farmers, too, have sold their beef and paid their debts to the traders; and the traders have paid their debts to the importer. The traders have made their profits, and so has the merchant, and the importer, and the bank has made a profit of twenty dollars,—and everything is all settled. Thus the bank acts as an office for the general exchange and balancing of obligations, and perhaps, so far as this transaction goes, without using any money at all."

"Not any at all?" said Marco.

"Perhaps not,—or at least, only a very little. There might be one farmer who would want to take his five-dollar bill and come to the bank and get his silver for it, for change; but these cases would be few. As a general thing, a bank exchanges and balances obligations to an amount vastly greater than that of the gold and silver which it uses."

"But, Forester," said Marco, "I should n't think it would be very probable that all the traders would happen to owe that very importer."

"No," said Forester, "they certainly would not.

I only suppose a very simple case, in order to show the nature of the system. In practice it is very complicated, but the principle is the same. Instead of one merchant, and one obligation of one importer, carried to one bank, there are a great many merchants, and a great many obligations, and a great many banks, and a great many agents. But the operation is, on the whole, the same. The country traders do not, in fact, generally buy directly of the importers, and thus the money passes in circuitous routes and through a great many hands. I made the case very simple in my supposition, in order that you might see the principle. In reality, it is very complicated, but it is substantially as I explained it,—thus, paper comes out of the banks in the shape of small obligations given instead of great ones of individual merchants. It goes all over the country, and is paid to farmers for produce. It goes from the farmers to the traders, and by the traders it is sent back to the merchants in Boston to pay their debts, and these merchants carry it to the banks to give it back in exchange for the great obligations for which these bills of the banks were originally given. Thus all is balanced and settled without the aid of money, that is, without the necessity of carting bags of gold and silver about the country. And this is one of the great classes of operations which centre in State street. So that a bank is an office for the exchanging and balancing the obligations of the community, with but very little transportation of coin to and fro."

By this time, Forester and Marco had arrived at the insurance office, and they found there a letter for Marco. They sat down in a couple of great arm-chairs in a pleasant little room, which looked like a parlor, in the rear of the office, and read the letter. The letter itself was very short, simply telling them that all were well at home; but upon the top of the sheet there was what Forester called a draft. It was an order signed by a New York broker, addressed to a Boston broker, requesting him to pay to the order of Forester two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Here is another kind of business which is done in State street," said Forester. "Your father wanted to send some money to me; there may have been a hundred other persons in New York who wanted to send money to Boston, and there are probably a hundred in Boston who want to send money to New York. Now if all these people were actually to send the gold and silver, the heavy bags of coin would pass each other on the Sound; and as these payments have to be made every day, the heavy coin would only go back and forth continually to no purpose."

"How do they manage it, then?" said Marco.

"Why, now, here is your father, who wants to send me two hundred and fifty dollars. Instead of getting the dollars and putting them up in a bag and sending them to me, he carries the money to a broker in Wall steeet, New York, and pays it to him, and the broker puts the money with

the rest of his money, in New York, and writes his draft, ordering the broker in Boston to pay me the money. If the Boston broker pays it, then the New York broker will owe him that sum. In the same manner a great many others call on the New York broker every day and pay him the money which they want to send to Boston,—and take his drafts instead. Now if the Boston broker pays all these drafts, the New York broker would be very much in his debt, were it not that he does just the same thing in Boston, which his correspondent does in New York. For the Boston people, who wish to send money to New York, come and pay him their money, and he gives them drafts on the New York broker. Thus the two accounts balance each other,—only each broker makes a profit; for he requires every man who comes for a draft to pay something for it, over and above the amount which the draft represents. There are a great many brokers and bankers in New York and Boston, and, in fact, in all other great commercial cities, and their drafts are all the time passing and repassing, while the money remains quietly in the vaults of the banks."

"Do the brokers keep their money in the banks?" asked Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "I suppose they do. Probably, when I carry this draft to the broker, he will not give me the money, but a check on some bank where he keeps his funds."

So Marco and Forester went to the desk of the

insurance office, and inquired where the office of the broker was, to which his draft was addressed. It was very near, and he and Marco went there together. It was a small room, with a counter across it, and behind it were clerks counting money or signing papers. There were several people coming and going. One was a sea captain, who had just come in from South America, and wanted to know what the broker would give him for some doubloons, which he had brought with him. Another wanted to get a draft for fifteen hundred dollars on New York. There was an Irishman standing at the counter, with an English guinea in his hand, which he wished the broker to exchange for silver coin.

Marco listened to these cases, while Forester went to a desk which stood at one end of the

counter and wrote his name on the back of the draft.

"What is that for?" said Marco.

"That is my order for the broker to pay it. The draft is made payable to my order, and of course I must give my order. That is done by my writing my name on the back."

Then Forester handed the draft to one of the clerks. The clerk read the draft, then turned it over and looked at the back, and then he looked at Forester. He seemed to hesitate a moment, and then he carried the draft to an elderly-looking gentleman, who was sitting at a desk at the back side of the office. The gentleman looked up at Forester a moment, and then made a sign of assent, and the clerk wrote a check and carried it to this gentleman to sign. When it was signed, he handed it to Forester, and he put the draft in a drawer. As they went out, Marco wanted to see the check. Forester showed it to him, and he saw that it was drawn upon the Massachusetts Bank. So they knew that the broker kept his funds in the Massachusetts Bank. They went down State street to the bank, and presented the draft and got bills for the amount. Forester put the bills in his pocket-book.

After this, Marco and Forester went home to dinner, as it was very near two o'clock. On their way, Marco said that he was very glad that his cousin Forester had told him something about banks and State street, and he asked him to go on and tell him something more. But the noise

of the wheels in the streets, which they were passing through, was so loud that Forester was tired of talking, and he said he would explain the subject to him farther at some other time.

"I know a great deal more about banks and brokers than I ever did before," said Marco.

"True," rejoined Forester; "but, after all, you know very little now."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MONUMENT.

One of the expeditions which Marco Paul took with his cousin Forester from Boston, was to see the Monument on Bunker Hill. Bunker Hill is in Charlestown, across the water from Boston. Boston is a peninsula; that is, it is almost entirely surrounded by water; and this water, which surrounds Boston on every side but one, is itself almost surrounded by land, so that in going from Boston in almost every direction, we cross a narrow arm of water to land beyond. When walking in the streets of Boston, no one would know that it is a peninsula; for it is so large, and so covered with streets and buildings, that the water around it cannot be seen. But whenever we attempt to go out of Boston in any direction but one, after

passing through several streets, we at length come to water, which we are obliged to cross by a bridge or by a ferry, in order to get to the town beyond.

The Bunker Hill Monument is in Charlestown. It is upon Bunker Hill. This is a hill which overlooks Boston. It is not very high, and the land descends by a gentle slope to the water. There was a battle fought upon this hill in former times, and the monument was built to commemorate the battle. It is a tall column, very high, built of solid blocks of granite, and it contains a spiral staircase within, by which visitors to it can ascend from the bottom to the top.

When Forester proposed to Marco that they should go and see this monument, Marco was a little uncertain whether he wished to go or not. He asked Forester whether the monument was really very curious to see.

"I do not know," said Forester, "whether you will be interested in it or not. It is only a plain, square, granite column."

"And what is there inside of it?" said Marco.

"Nothing but steps," said Forester, "going round and round continually, from the bottom to the top."

"What was it built for?" said Marco.

"To commemorate a battle that was fought there many years ago," replied Forester.

"Was it a very great battle?" asked Marco.

"No," said Forester, "it was rather a small

battle. There were only a few thousand men engaged."

"Then I don't see why they built such a tall monument," said Marco.

"Why, the celebrity of a battle," said Forester, "does not depend always upon the number of troops engaged in it. For instance, if five hundred men of one nation were to conquer five thousand men of another nation, it would be a very great and signal victory, though, after all, it would be but a small battle."

"Who fought the battle on Bunker Hill?" asked Marco. Marco was a New York boy, and did not know much about the battle of Bunker Hill.

"The Americans and the British," replied Forester. "The British government had possession of the whole country at that time, and they had a large army in Boston. The Americans resolved to expel the British power, and thenceforward to govern themselves; and it was on Bunker Hill that the war first began."

"Who beat?" asked Marco.

"On Bunker Hill, do you mean?" said Forester, "or in the whole war?"

"On Bunker Hill," said Marco.

"The British conquered on Bunker Hill," said Forester.

"Then I don't see why the Americans should build a monument," rejoined Marco, "if they got conquered."

"True," said Forester. "It seems to you like a monument to commemorate defeat and a failure."

"Yes," said Marco, "if the Americans were conquered."

"You are correct in that," said Forester, "no doubt; and that shows that I was not quite right in saying that the monument was intended to commemorate the battle. Strictly speaking, it is more correct to say that the Bunker Hill Monument was built to commemorate an *event*, rather than a battle."

"What event?" asked Marco.

"The rising up of the Americans to take their own government into their own hands," said Forester. "Before that time this country had been governed by the king and parliament of Great Britain. These states were then colonies, and the king's ministers in England used to send out governors for them. The forts and ships of war, and all the soldiers in this country, were under the command of the English government. The Americans became dissatisfied with their condition. They did not like to be under a foreign government. In some respects, they thought that they were governed unjustly; and they accordingly concluded to rise and gather armies of their own, and depose the English government, and take away the forts from the English troops, and drive the English armies out of the country, and so take the government upon themselves. Now the battle of Bunker Hill was the first great event which fairly committed them in this contest. And though they failed in this particular battle, yet they succeeded finally in the great work; and so they commemorate the battle, not so much on its own account, as on account of the great change, of which it was the commencement."

"Was the battle of Bunker Hill the first battle?" asked Marco.

"No," replied Forester, "not absolutely the first. There was what they called a skirmish out at Lexington, a few miles from Boston, where the British soldiers went to destroy some arms and ammunition, which the Americans had collected there. But the battle of Bun-

ker Hill was the first regular battle. The Americans wanted to drive the British out of Boston, and so they went to Bunker Hill to do it."

"Why didn't they march over on some of the bridges?" asked Marco.

"I believe there were no bridges in those days," said Forester.

"Why, how long ago was it?" asked Marco.

"About sixty or seventy years," replied Forester.

"Why didn't they march over on the neck, then?"

"The British had built a fortification on the neck to keep them out. So they went up to Bunker Hill one night, and threw up a breastwork."

"What is that?" asked Marco.

"A sort of wall of earth thrown up about as high as a man's breast, so that soldiers can stand behind it and fire at their enemies. It is much more dangerous to march up and attack a breastwork than it is to defend it; because those who come up are entirely exposed to the fire of those who are behind the breastwork. The Americans threw up the breastwork secretly in the night. The next morning some of the officers of the British army discovered it and reported it to General Gage."

"Who was General Gage?" asked Marco.

"He was the English general."

"The *British* general?" said Marco.

"Yes, British; sometimes we say English and sometimes British. Do you understand the difference?"

"No," said Marco.

"Why, Britain," replied Forester, "is the more general name of England. It denotes the whole island, including England, Scotland and Wales. In fact, it is generally considered to comprise the other islands around it. So that the term British, includes the English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and all who are subjects of the English monarchy. But the term English strictly means only the inhabitants of England. But as England is much larger and more wealthy, and has more influence than the others, and as London is the seat of the government, the whole nation are often

called English. Thus in history, writers sometimes say the British government, the British army, the British general, &c., and sometimes the English government, the English army, the English general, &c."

"Very well," said Marco.

"Now General Gage was the English general, commanding in Boston, and he sent a detachment of troops to drive away the American army from Bunker Hill. It used to be called Breed's Hill."

"Why did they change it?" asked Marco.

"I don't know," replied Forester. "Bunker Hill was another eminence farther back. But, in some way or other, the hill where the battle was fought got the name of Bunker Hill at the time of the battle, and it has retained it ever since, so that the name may be considered as changed."

"And so the British drove the Americans away," said Marco.

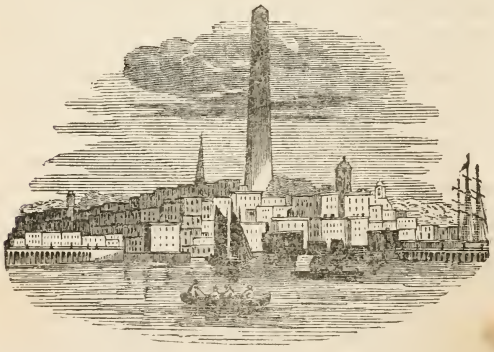
"Yes," replied Forester. "There was a long and bloody battle, and a great many were killed, but, finally, the Americans had to abandon their fortifications and retreat. But the news of the battle spread everywhere, and aroused the whole country. The farmers and their sons came gathering in great numbers into the neighborhood of Boston to form an army; and this was the commencement of a long war. It lasted several years. At last the British government gave up the contest, and agreed to allow the American nation to govern themselves."

Marco and Forester concluded to go and see the monument. Accordingly they went to the foot of Brattle street, where the Charlestown omnibus stands. Here they found a cab, which was just going, and Marco and Forester got into it. The cab carried them through several streets, until at length it came to a bridge. They went over the bridge, admiring the prospect, which was presented to their view from it on every hand. This view was crowded with ships, boats, bridges, wharves, and picturesque shores covered with solid masses of buildings, and the tall column of Bunker Hill Monument towered over the whole. The monu-

ment was perfectly simple in its form, square, and gen tly tapering from the bottom to the top. Marco thought they might have made a handsomer monument than that. It looked, he said, like nothing but a long block of granite standing on its end.

When they reached the principal square in Charlestown, they left the cab, and walked toward the monument. They ascended the eminence on which it stood. When they drew near, it began to assume a majestic and even sublime appearance. As they looked up, it seemed to tower above them to the very skies; and as the clouds above moved slowly past its head, they gave the monument itself the appearance of moving the other way. Its summit seemed to be sailing through the air, as if it were going to fall over upon their heads. Marco amused himself some time with this illusion, and then they went on, to ascend the monument.

They found that the monument was constructed with a spiral staircase inside, formed of stone steps, built into stone walls on either side, and winding round and round from the bottom to the top. There were no



windows, excepting here and there a narrow loop-hole through the walls, and these only lighted small spaces

in the stairway, opposite to them, far above; so that the staircase was generally dark, and the entrance to it appeared like the entrance to a gloomy dungeon.

Within the inner wall which bounded the staircase, there was a small circular space, extending from the bottom to the top of the monument, like a well,—with a door leading into it below. This *well* was five or six feet in diameter, and there was a sort of car in it, which Marco said looked more like a cage than a car. This car had a rope attached to the top of it, by which it could be drawn up. There was a steam engine in a low building pretty near, which turned a wheel, around which the end of this rope was passed, and thus the cage could be made to ascend by the power of steam. Several people were getting into it when Forester and Marco arrived. Others were preparing to walk up by the staircase. Marco and Forester concluded to ride up in this car, and then walk down by the staircase. So they got into the car. They had to stand up in it, for there was not room to sit down. The car was lighted by a lantern. When all was ready, the man in attendance pulled a wire which made a bell ring, and they began to ascend. They rose rapidly, with a rumbling sound, which was produced by the wheels and machinery. This sound was very much increased by loud reverberations. At length, they reached the summit. The top of the car lifted up a part of the floor of a sort of cupola, and rose through it; and then the door opened, and Marco and Forester, and all the others who were in the car, stepped out.

Marco and Forester found themselves in a small room with several other persons who had come up before them. There were four square openings in the wall of this room for windows, one on each side of it; but as the walls were very thick, these openings did not afford a very convenient mode of surveying the prospect. Still, Marco was very much pleased at the peculiar brightness and variety of the view. He seemed to be looking down upon a little world of cities, towns, points, peninsulas, streets, ranges of buildings, gardens, orchards, fields, rivers, bays, and every other element

of beautiful scenery, all displayed together before him. On a green, directly at the foot of the monument, far below him, were some boys playing on the grass. Marco said that they looked no bigger than kittens. There was a carriage too, just coming slowly up the hill. It seemed to be just large enough for his sister's doll. The houses and gardens of Charlestown, which he looked down upon, as if from a balloon, appeared like the toy-houses and gardens made for playthings. While Marco was admiring these things, and wondering at their exceeding littleness, Forester was surveying the features of the country, endeavoring to identify the various places which he knew.

"There is South Boston," said Forester. "See those large white buildings: they are the city Almshouses."

"Yes," said Marco; "but O, cousin Forester, see that cart going along the street. It is loaded with bricks. O, what little bricks!"

"And there is Roxbury," rejoined Forester. "I wish I knew the names of all these bridges."

"I see a woman coming out of the door of a house, with a basket. She is going through a gate into her garden."

"That must be the bridge that we came over," said Forester, pointing to one of those nearest to them.

"I don't know," said Marco. "There, she has stopped by a bush. She has taken up a long pole."

"See the State House, Marco," said Forester.

"Yes," said Marco, "I see it. I think the view here is better than it is from the State House. See, Forester, that woman in the garden. It is not a bush—it is a tree. I verily believe it is an apple-tree. She is going to knock down some apples."

"Let us go to one of the other windows," said Forester.

So they left the opening where they had been standing, and went towards another; but they found that all the other windows were occupied. Some persons also immediately stepped to their own, as soon as they left it, so that they now had no opportunity to look out

After waiting a few minutes, a vacancy was made for them; and thus they slowly passed from window to window, with many intervals of delay.

Marco said he thought they might have made the monument more convenient for seeing the prospect. They might have had more windows, or even a balcony outside, all around.

"True," said Forester, "but you must remember that this is a monument, not an observatory. It is made to be looked *at*, and not to look *from*. It will be seen from below every day for centuries, and by, perhaps, fifty thousand pairs of eyes; while not more than a hundred every day will come up to the top, to look *from* it to the country below. Therefore, it is much more important to have it right as an object to be seen itself, than as a station from which to see other objects."

"Well," said Marco, "I admit that. But I think that the monument would look handsomer from below, to have a balcony outside, near the top, with a pretty iron railing around it."

"I do not think they designed to make a *handsome* monument," said Forester.

"Did n't they?" said Marco. "Why not?"

"I will explain it to you by-and-by, when we go down," said Forester.

This conversation passed while Marco and Forester were leaning together upon the sill of one of the windows, looking out towards Charlestown. Forester perceived that other persons were waiting to see, and so he and Marco drew back to make room for them. After remaining for some time longer, and looking out through the windows, as they had opportunity, they commenced their descent.

The staircase was dark and gloomy, and the steps felt solid under their feet, being formed of blocks of granite, built into the outer wall of the monument on one hand, and into an inner circular wall, which surrounded the shaft which ascends up through the centre of the monument, on the other. As they began their descent, they could see the staircase for a little

distance before them, winding in a spiral direction round this central shaft.

As Marco and Forester slowly walked down the steps, they heard the sounds of voices coming up. The voices seemed loud and near, but they were rendered confused and unintelligible by the echoes and reverberations. Marco went forward, running down the steps, which carried him round and round in a continual spiral. Presently he met the party ascending whose voices he had heard. They were in a frolicsome mood, but they seemed very tired; and one of the young men stopped opposite to Marco and sat down upon a step, saying,

"O, monstrous! Boy, how much farther is it to the top?"

"Sixty steps," said Marco.

"Sixty?" said a girl belonging to the party; "I wish I had counted the steps from the bottom."

So Marco and Forester went on, Marco continuing to count the steps. Presently they saw the dawn of a yellow light before them, and after taking two or three more spiral turns they came to a lantern, hanging against the wall. At some distance farther they came to a narrow window, which admitted the white light of the outward atmosphere. Below that, they came to other lanterns. After continuing to descend in this manner for what seemed to Marco a long time, they reached the bottom, and emerged from this dungeon-like staircase into the open day. They went into the adjoining building to see the steam-engine, which was at work so industriously drawing up the visitors, and then they turned their footsteps towards Boston again.

As they walked along down the gentle declivity of the hill, Marco asked Forester what he meant by saying they did not wish to make a *handsome* monument.

"Why, suppose," said Forester, "that there was a sublime and frowning precipice overhanging a dark and gloomy ravine, with a river tumbling over rocks at its base; and suppose the owner of the grounds, in order to improve the scene, were to send men to hew off the face of the precipice, and make it smooth like a wall, and then put a railing along upon the top of it, and clear

away the stones from the river and make the water flow smoothly. Would it be an improvement?"

"No," said Marco.

"And yet a smooth wall is *handsomer* than a ragged one So you see it is not always *handsomeness*, that is most desirable in objects which we are to view. Beautiful scenes awaken one kind of pleasurable feeling in the mind, and sublime and awful scenes awaken other feelings. By smoothing over and beautifying a wild and gloomy scene, we change its character,—its expression. Before, it gave us one kind of pleasure, and afterwards it gives us another kind; and whether it is an improvement or not, depends upon circumstances. Generally, such a change would *not* be an improvement; for the feeling of the grand and the sublime is usually considered a higher emotion of pleasure than that of the beautiful. Men experience a superior pleasure in looking upon the awful scenery of the rocks and glaciers and cataracts of the Alps, than in sailing up and down the Rhine."

"Is the scenery very beautiful on the Rhine?" asked Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "it is celebrated for its beauty all the world over. There are some scenes in nature," continued Forester, "which change their character from time to time. Thus the prospect of the sea from a promontory, in a calm summer evening at sunset, is beautiful,—but in a storm at midnight, in winter, it would be sublime."

"Well," said Marco, "and now about the monument."

"Yes," said Forester, "I had almost forgotten the monument. Now a building has an expression and a character, as well as a landscape. It may be light, airy, and graceful, or it may be stern, sombre, and gloomy. The building called the Tombs, in New York, is of this latter character. Now, when any structure is designed with special reference to its architectural effect, it ought to have an expression which shall be in keeping with the object and purpose for which it is erected. This is especially the case with regard to a monument. Its character and expression ought to correspond with the nature of the event which it is intended to commemorate.

"Now the transaction," continued Forester, "which the Bunker Hill Monument is intended to commemorate, was a very simple transaction, but one of a very stern and serious character. In almost all nations, hitherto, the

power of government has been held by a small portion of the community, and that composed of the upper classes—the princes, the nobles, and the great proprietors of lands. These have held the government, made the laws, commanded the armies and the navies, and kept the lower orders in subjection. It has always been considered necessary that the great mass of the people should be governed by a power above them. They are regarded in most countries as too rude and disorderly and unmanageable to be entrusted with power. But in this country, when the people rose against the English government, they took the power into their own hands; distributing to all the same share. It was a very simple, but a very great and serious and hazardous experiment."

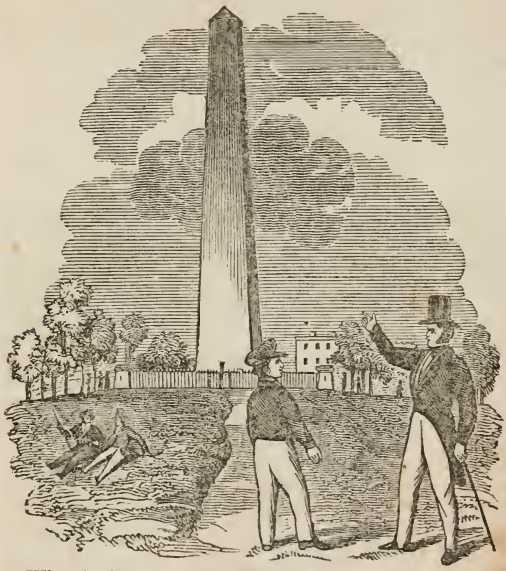
"Then, besides," continued Forester, "the war, commenced on Bunker Hill, which this nation had to pass through, in taking its government into its own hands, was a period of great calamity and suffering. The soldiers suffered dreadfully from cold, hunger and wounds. Many thousands were killed, and their wives and children made wretched and desolate. Towns were burned, and the country ravaged, and many lives were worn out with anxiety, and suffering, and sorrow. Now do you think, that a light, airy and gay-looking edifice would be suitable to commemorate such a period as this?"

Marco admitted that it would not.

"A monument," said Forester, "to commemorate the commencement of a revolution like that, so simple in its conception, but so full of terrible sufferings and hazards, ought to be simple, stern and grand in its character, so as to embody and express to the eye the *idea* of the event which it commemorates. Now, if you were acquainted with the history of the American revolution, and understood the nature of it and its consequences, considered as a great event in the history of the human race, you would see that the monument is well adapted to give an architectural expression of it. Look at it."

So Marco and Forester looked round and gazed at the monument again. It rose before them in stern majesty, and Marco thought he could see, in the severe simplicity of its form, and in its dark and sombre color, the expression which Forester had described. He did not, however, say anything, and after looking at it a few minutes with much greater interest than he had felt before, he turned around, and both walked on towards Boston.

"There is one thing I wish, at any rate," said Marco after a short pause.



"What is that?" asked Forester.

"I wish they would draw us up on the *outside* of the monument, instead of through that dismal hole in the middle."

"How do you mean?" said Forester.

"Why, have a good large square car, open in front, and draw it up on the side of the monument towards Boston. Then we could have a good look-out all the way going up. That would be worth a while."

"I do not know that that would be safe," said Forester.

"Why not?" asked Marco.

"Why, the wind would blow the car about and knock it against the monument."

"Could n't they steady it in some way or other?" asked Marco.

"I do n't know how," said Forester.

"I think they could," said Marco. "They do harder

things than that sometimes,—and it would be such a grand thing. It would be going up in a balloon without the danger. It would be sublime and beautiful too."

"Well," said Forester, "if ever you and I have the charge of a monument and a steam-engine, we will try the plan."

CHAPTER X.

THE CONCLUSION.

THERE were a great many other objects of interest which Marco and his cousin Forester visited while they were in Boston, but which there is not room to describe in this volume. They took rides into the surrounding country. They went to the Navy Yard in Charlestown. They went also to South Boston to visit the great city establishments for the city criminals and for the poor and the insane. These establishments formed quite a village by themselves, consisting of vast stone buildings in the midst of a great enclosure of yards, gardens and fields, with walks and roads winding about among them in the most beautiful manner. One of these buildings was a kind of prison, where bad men and women were shut up for their crimes. In the day-time, these prisoners are kept at work together in great rooms, and in the night they are shut up in little cells, each one alone. Everything in these rooms and in the cells looked very neat and clean. Marco went into one of the cells. It had an iron door. The bedstead was also of iron, and it was fastened against the wall by its side, and made to turn up out of the way in the day-time. The walls of the cells were of stone. One great room was full of women, who were all at work sewing. They were sitting on stools in rows along the floor. The stools were apart from each other, so that the women could not talk together. The women were all dressed alike. Their backs were towards that part of the room where Marco and Forester came in. Afterwards, Marco and Forester walked through the room between the rows of women, to the other end, and then they could see the prisoners' faces. Some were young and some were old; some were handsome and others were ugly. They were all confined there

for stealing, drunkenness, quarrelling, and other such offences, which disturbed the peace of the city. This establishment was called the House of Correction. It was so named, because it was the place for the correction or punishment of criminals. There was another establishment near it, where girls and boys who had been guilty of crimes in the city, were confined. They did not put the girls and boys in the prison with the old offenders, because, being children, they wished to treat them more tenderly. Besides, they were afraid that the old offenders would make them worse. The establishment for the girls and boys was called the House of Reformation, because they hoped that as these children were young they might be reformed, and so become good men and women. There was another establishment for the poor and infirm, who could not support themselves in the city, and who had no friends to take care of them. These poor and infirm people were required to work as much as they could, and so their place was called the House of Industry. There was also a building for the insane. All these establishments together made quite a village. The buildings were large and conspicuous. Marco and Forester had seen them from the top of Bunker Hill. There was a beautiful prospect of the harbor and of the city of Boston from the windows of the buildings,—and the fields, and gardens, and roads, and walks around them, were very beautiful. There was a very high palisade fence, made of tall posts, ten feet high, set close together in a long row, all around the tract of land which these buildings were erected upon. This fence was so high, and close, and strong, that the inmates of the establishments could neither get through it, nor climb over it, nor take it down. There was a great gate at the entrance, with a small house by the side of it, in which a porter lived to open the gate; and he took care to let nobody in or out except those who were authorized to go.

Marco also went to Lechmere Point to see the glass-houses; and to the mill dam, to see the rolling mills and nail factories. He also went out several times upon the harbor, and learned a great deal about the boats and the shipping. His adventures on the water will be hereafter described, in the volume called "Marco Paul in Boston Harbor."

The pages of this volume are already full, and this narrative must, therefore, now be brought to a close. Before it is quite concluded, however, the reader will perhaps

wish to be informed, how it was that Forester got possession of Marco's fishing-pole, in so mysterious a manner. The explanation is this. When Marco was hiding it in between the palisades, a boy, who was just then looking out of a window in one of the houses in Franklin Place, saw him, and as soon as Marco had gone away, he came down and got the pole. When his father came home to dinner that day, and saw his son with such a fishing-pole, he asked him where he got it, and the boy explained the circumstances to him. His father then asked him, if he knew what boy it was; and his son told him, that he had seen him several times go into a certain boarding-house in Franklin street, in company with a gentleman, meaning Forester. This conversation took place in the parlor, and immediately the gentleman went to the side of the fireplace, and took hold of a large brass ring which was hanging there by a long cord, and pulled it. This rang a bell in the kitchen, and a servant, a well-dressed young man, came into the parlor.

"James," said the gentleman, "take this fishing-pole and wrap it up in some wrapping-paper and tie it, and then carry it to Mrs. W——'s boarding-house in Franklin street, and ask if there is a gentleman boarding there with a young lad under his charge; if so, ask to see him. Then give him this pole, and tell him that his boy was seen to hide it between the palisades in the enclosure here in Franklin Place, where my boy found it,—and that I, thinking there might perhaps be something wrong about it, concluded that it was best to send it to him, rather than to return it to his boy."

The servant executed his commission successfully, and put the fishing-pole into Forester's hands.

MAR 3 1936